

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# ALICE, THE FISHER GIRL:

# THE OLD MAN OF THE WRECK.

A Story of Old England and the Ocean.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

CHAPTER X.

WITHOUT, AND THE STORM WITHIN.



when Lord Tiver-ton left Belinds, and passing down into the hall he into the hall he commenced pacing up and down the floor with quick, nervous strides.

floor with quick, pervous strides. He had not noticed how quickly it had how quickly in that how how the wind came howling about the angles of the building in the hall, and when he was gone the earl in to realize that a terrible storm was brewing out. Xet he gave himself up to his own citons awhile longer.

without. Yet he gave himself up to his own reflections awhile longer.

At length great drops of rain began to patter upon the window-panes, and the dry leaves and dirt came crashing against the glass as though they would break it. Louder and louder howled the blast, and the rain came down thicker and faster. The earl went to the window and looked ont, but he might as well have looked into the depths of a bolted dungeon, for all without was as black as the utter night of chose. While he stood there by the window trying to peer out into the utter blackness, he fat a touch upon his arm, and on turning he beheld his son.

"Isn't this terrible, father" the voong man.

arm, and on turning he beheld his son.

"Isn't this terrible, father?" the young man uttered, with a look of earnest interest.

But the earl made no reply. He had forgotten the storm without, for there was tunualt in his own bosom. He guard into the face of his son, and his ligh were compressed, and his brow contracted. Albion noticed the look in an instant, and with considerable anxiety, he asked: "What is the matter, my father?" "I'll tell you," the carl said, in short, whis, pered tones. "How have you conducted yourself since you have been here?" "Conducted myself?" repeated the youth, in surprise.

"Conducted myself?" repeated the youth, in surprise.

"Yes, how have you conducted yourself?"
"Look ye, father," returned Abbion, after a few moments of thought. "To-day you spoke to me in the presence of others in a manner which I could not understand, and then I would not ask an explanation. Now you repeat the strangeness. What does it mean? Has Belinda Warner anything to do with it?"
"She has."
"Then may I ask an explanation?"
The each had the first words of a hasty answer upon his lips, but he kept them back, and after a few moments' reflection he said:
"I allude to your treatment of Miss Warner."

tter a few moments' reflection he said:

"I allude to your treatment of Miss Warner."

"Go ou, father," calmly and firmly resumed
to youth. "I wish to know the whole case."

"Do you not know it now!"

"Not at all. When I know what you mean,
sea I will give you such explanation as I can!"

"You shall know what I mean, sir. Did you not, during the first part of your sojourn here, give Belinda Warner reason to believe that you loved her?" For an instant Albion was fairly paralyzed with astonishment.

For at thesesses with satisfaction of the believe—twist satisfaction of the believe—that—I love—Belinds Warner—reason to believe—that—I love—her y" he at length repeated, in slow, measured accents, and dwelling distinctly upon each separate word. "My heavens, sir, what do you mean?" and you would be with the spoke more calmy, for his son's manner moved him some.

ved him some.

'My father, I yet can scarcely make out what
mean. But to your question I distinctly
wer, no! Why, sir, from the very moment I
my eyes upon that girl I disliked her, and
m the time I first passed an hour in her society
ave utterly loathed and despised her."
"And suppose I were to tell you that she was

to become your wife \*\* The earl spoke quickly, but with much meaning.

"The matter has become a serious one, and I would not jest upon it," returned Albion.

"But I am not jesting."

"Not jesting! Then what can you mean \*\*

"I mean! with I had planned for Miss Warner to become your wife."

"Mean! Y! In earnest?"

"Most assuredly so."

"Pather," said the youth, folding his hands together, and speaking with that peculiar calmness which marks the noble mind when a resolation is taken which even the presence of death could not shake, "if you mean this as a simple question, and yet mean it carrestly, I will give you an earnest answer: Before I would marry with that girl I would join the beasts of the field—get down upon my knees—strip off my cutward signs of manhood, and crawl in the dust for life. Not even to save life itself would I do that thing."

"But I may command it."

"No, my staher, you will not command it."

"Ay, so you are; and you have given to your son some of the nobleness of soul that belongs to your blood. You could not have given birth to the blood of a craven, or a slave!"

The carl looked into the face of his boy, and his heart was touched. There was nothing defiant in the words he had heard, but they had been poken gently and with respect.

"Father," continued Albion, "will you answer me one question? Did you ever mean that I should marry with his Warner!"

"I did mean it, and it was for that very thing that I left you here."

At that moment there came a flood of blinding light upon the earth, and on the next instant came a crash as though the very firmament were run tinto atoms. Both the father and son started; but as soon as the thunder crash had passed, and the shock had ceased, Albion spoke:

"But you said nothing of this to me?"

"Because I feared you would naturally rebel if you knew my plain. But Miss Warner's of a noble stock, he is very wealthy, and she is virtuous and honorable. I had meant that she should be your wife."

"Because I feared you would naturally rebel if you knew my plain.

ask him, and he will tell you without prejudice or partiality."

Lord Tiverton was moved now in the soul, and he resolved at once that he would push the matter no farther But in a moment more the cloud came upon his face again, and he looked sternly upon his son. The storm without had increased—the rain came down in torrents, and the wind howled more fearfully than before. But again the earl had forgotten the raging of the elements.

"Albion," he said, " I will say no more at present of Belinda Warner, and perhaps I shall urge her upon you no more. But there is yet

mother subject on my mind, though I hope I have been misinformed. Perhaps you know to

another subject on my mind, though I hope I have been misinformed. Perhaps you know to what I allude?"
"Go on," said Albion. He trembled slightly and spoke carefully, for he mistrusted what his father meant, though he wondered how he could have come to a knowledge of it.
"I have heard that you visit a poor fisher-girl not far from here. Is it so ?"
"It is, sir."
"And did you not know that such conduct was very wrong ?"

"The girl whom I have visited is the one who saved my life; she but for whom you would now be childless."

"I do not blame you, my son, for feeling gratude, and for expressing it, but if Miss War-

itude, and for expressing it, but if Miss War—
if—"
"Then Miss Warner has been informing you
of my doings" said the youth, as his father
heistated—for the earl had let out the secret of its source of information without intending it. Albion spoke bitterly, and a look of contempt
curried about his finely chiselfed lips.
"Yes, she did tell me, though I did not mean
or expose her.—but it can't be helped now—and
on the whole we should both be very grateful to
her, for it may be the means of saving you from
veil. In truth, my boy, you have been very careless and reckless of that girl's happiness. Do
you not realize that you are a man in every way
calculated to inspire the warmest love in the
female bosom!"
Albion made no answer.
"You have even allowed yourself to walk and
converse with this low-born girl, and—you have
taken her to your bosom, and even impressed
her with kisses."

taken her to your bosom, and even impressed her with kisses."

"Miss Warner has been in fine business, truty!" utered Abbon, in the most bitter-tone.
"She plays the spy well!"

"She has not followed you my boy," said the earl. He spoke with considerable kindness, for earl. He spoke with considerable kindness, for the idea of Belinda's littleness of character now struck him more forcibly, and even though be was thankful for the information thus revealed, yet he could not but detest the manner in which it had been collected. "She has observed you from the cupola at the top of the house. Has she told me the truth 3"
"She has," returned the youth, trembling. "And do you not see how wrong such things

she took me the truth "She has," returned the youth, trembling.
"And do you not see how wrong such things are? I may even call them wicked. I cannot believe that you would—But no, I know you would not do that."
"What! Speak plainly, father."
"I know you would not harm that poor girl. You would not rob her of the only—"
"Stop, stop, my father. I know what you mean. Tear out my heart and give it to the beats of the field and the fowls of the air. Saw my body in quarters, and burn it to ashes, and cast those ashes to the winds of heaven, so that no more remembrance be had of me among men forever, when I could be guilty of such a deed!"
The father felt his love for his son awaking afresh, and for some moments he guzud into his noble features with true paternal pride. But he had more yet to say, though his anger was all gone.

gone.

"Then, my child, you must see how fatally your thoughtless conduct may operate Do you not know that Alice Woodley may love you, love you with a love which shall break her hear

your know that Alice Woodley may love you, love you with a love which shall break her heart when she knows that you can never return her love? Ah, my son, you have been blind indeed."

Albion hung down his head, and he tremhled with a wild, thrilling emotion; but another thunder-crash at that moment broke upon the earth, and the earl did not notice his son's trembling, "Father," at length spoke the youth, laying his hand again upon his parent's arm, and speaking in a soft, persuasive tone, "will you not let his pass until you can see the maiden of whom we speak? I would have you see her and converse with her."

"And wherefore, my son!"

"Ahd wherefore, my son!"

"Ahd wherefore, my son!"

"That you may know her as I do."

"Albion, I know not that I understand you," said the earl, moving the youth's hand from his arm, and looking steadily late his face. "It may be a foolish question, I hope it is—but nevertheless I will ask it: Do you love that girl!"

"How can I help it!"

"That is not an answer. Do you love her?"

"With my whole soul."

"And you would make her your wife!"

"Would you but give your consent to such a consummation! should be the happiest man that dwells upon the earth."

A moment the earl was silent. The wind howled fearfully, the rain fairly crashed upon the windows, and over and anon the deep-toned

A moment the earl was silent. The wind howled fearfully, the rain fairly reashed upon the windows, and ever and annot the deep-toned thander rolled through the heavens as though the very throne of mercy were quaking at its foundations; but neither the father nor the son heard the elementary was there.

"Albion," at length said the old man, and he

spoke with strange and calm distinctness, "before I would see you wedded with such a wife I would have you—"

The young man darted forward and seised his father by the wrist.

"Stop, stop—for the love of mercy, stop !" he cried, while his whole frame shook. "Speak no more now. Do not make a vow yet. Wait—wait for a while, at least."

"And why should I wait when my mind is

"And why should I wait when my mind is ade up ?"."
"To save me. Give me time for reflection,

made in 1916.

"To save me. Give me time for reflection, at least."

"But I would rather have you in your—"

"My father," interrupted the young man, in a tone that fairly satrold the parent, "forgive me if I speak as may seem to unbecome the child; but you must not speak now. Bewere what words you let fall from your lips. You must see Alice Woodley before you make up your mind. I know not what sort of feelings your may allow to govern yourself, but I can assure you that I am not prepared to throw away my vary soul, just to please an empty, hollow prijudice. Altee Woodley siedee her own life to save mine, and she did it, too, before she had ever seen my face. She is one of the most lovely beings that earth ever bore, and purity and virtue sit upon her soul as their regal throne. And then for another thing I would have you seeher. I think you have seen her somewhere. There is a mystery about her. Speak no more, I beseech you—not now."

Lord Tiverton gazed into the face of his son, and twice his lips moved as though he would have spoken; but there was something in the look that met his gaze that kept his words back. He was not angry, for Albion had uttered forth his speech with too much depth of feeling to call up such a passion. He was almost awe-struck, and he was surprised, too. He had called his son to him with the fixed, dirm purpose of tearing him away from his heart at once and forever unless he would promise on the apot to see Alice Woodley no more; but his purpose was not carried out, nor was it to be then. In truth that stout no bleman was moved by nonther will than his own. But he only kept his words back for the while. His purpose was protective when the purpose of the purpose of the while. His purpose was protective the server and the would have spoken further, but at that inst

THE WRECK!

THE storm had now reached to a fearful pow er. The rain still fell in a deluge, and the wind seemed to have increased until it fairly roared with the voice of continuous thunder. The vivid lightning played in the heavens, and the lood crashing of the thunder peals reverberated with

terrific grandeur.

"God have mercy on any craft that may be caught on our coast without an anchorage to night!" ejaculated Sir William, as he joined the

earl.
"This gale comes from the eastward, doesn't it?" asked Albion.
"Yes," replied Tom, "from the northward and eastward. It comes sweeping down the whole breadth of the sea, and it seems as though 'twould wash the whole German Ocean upon our coast. My soul, how the waves break over the shore."

shore."
"What thunder!" uttered the earl, who had now laid aside the subject that had been occupying his thoughts. "Al., my boy, you are better off here than you would be at sea."
"O, give me plenty of see-room, and this would be are sport," replied the youth. "I've stood some tough gales in my time."
"Ah, there's a peal of thunder in the distance," said Sir William, as the sound of a clap more low than the others broke upon their ears.
"Ye," "trangent Tom. "Ah there it is asain."

"Yes," returned Tom. "Ah, there it is again. Egad, I'd like to swap with those who have that thunder at their doors. It aint so heavy as

"That is not thunder!" uttered Albion, as the third peal came sounding above the "That is not thunder!" uttered Albion, as the third peal came sounding above the storm. He started forward towards the window as he spoke, and the others followed his example.

"Not hunder!" repeated the baronet.

"No.—hark—" There it is again. Do you not distinguish it. My heavens, it's a gun! Death is at our doors! There is a ship on our coast!"

"Not a ship. Thope," asid the earl, shuddering. "Perhaps some small vessel."

"Not with such a gun as that," added Albion.
"It is a heavy ship that carries that follow."

Just then came the fourth report, and as the dull sound rambled in with the vice of the tempest, Albion Tiverton started towards the door.

"Call up the servants," he cried, "and let us have lanterns and ropes. We must go down to the beach. Come, Tom, on with your duds. I have a storm-suit is my chest, and I'll don it in a twinkling. Sir William, you call the servants and light the lanterns."

"But my son," urged the earl, in a besistating voice, "you will not expose pourself."

"My soul, father, talk not of exposure now. Ha, hear that gun again! You stay here—there is no need of your exposure to such a storm, but it is part of my profession. Don't you come out. You stay and watch here, and if danger comes to me, then you must remember an open out. You stay and watch here, and if danger comes to me, then you must remember in your prayers. Now, thou, Tom, look alive."

A Ablion thus spoke, he scieed a candle from the hand of a servant who had just entered the hall, and hastened away to his your. The hall, and hastened away to his your. We have the hall, and hastened away to his your. We have the hall, and hastened away to his your. We have the hall, and hastened away to his your. We have the hall, and hastened away to his your. We have the hall and hastened away to his your. "He is a mobile fellow, after all," he uttered.

"So he is," added Sir William, who had called the servants and returned.

the servants and returned.

"And he mustn't throw himself away," added

the servants and returned.

"And he mast's throw himself away," added the earl.

"I shan't let him."

"No he mustin', "responded the baronet.

"I shan't let him."

"Nor would I'i fib were my son."

"I'll see him.—anywhere, before he shall cast himself away on a fisherqiir!

"Yon's one on fisherqiir!

"Yon's magested Sir William, "what is a fisherqirl to do with loving the son of an earl?"

"Nothing. It's preposterous."

"So it is, my lord. She ought to be transported for daring to touch him with her hands. How dared she save him from drowning! I know avery low and ill-bred of her to do so."

His lordship looked into Sir William's face with a tolo do surprise.

"All ought to have been the daughter of some earl, or duke, or some princes," added the baronet; "and then the poor fellow could have loved her for her nobleness. I think most any of our delicate, lisping, gentle-blooded ladies would have done the work full as well as that low-born, degraded sisher-girl did. But then, honesty, I think she ought to have a fiw shillings for her labor. The risking of her life is nothing, for what is her life compared with the life of a gentlewoman 1 I don't think fishergir's count more than half a soul, at the most, in beaven! And they hadn't ought to. They aim to so god a sother folks. What have such nothing, for what is her life compared with the life of a gentlerowns 1 I don't think fisher-girls count more than half a soul, at the most, in heaven! And they hadn't ought to. They aint so good as other folks. What have such a noble youth as that marry with a fisher-girl! Perpoterous! What could hed do as a wife? Only just love him, and honor him, and cherish him with her whole heart, and make him a faithful, heavenly companion, for life, in whose bosom he could ever find a retear from the sorrows of the world, and in whose arms he could ever find a retear from the sorrows of the world, and in whose arms he could ever find a retear from the sorrows of the world, and in whose arms he could ever find a retear from the sorrows of the world, and in whose arms he could even find a fewer on earth. No, non-such as he should have a lady for a wife. He wants more gold, and more titles, to make him happy. Fisher girls? Preposterous!"

At that moment Tom and Albion eame in. The face of the latter was fished with excitisment and hurry, but he was yet calm in judgment. He had thrown on an oil-cloth sait throughout, and on his head he wore a stous leather cap. Tom was also rigged for exposure; and the servants who stool in waiting, six in number, were well prepared for the storm, though they had the prospect of a thorough drenching.

"Wait a moment," interrupted the old baronet, "I am going." I am going." I'l am going."

Wait a moment," interrupted the old baronet.

"Wait a moment," interrupted the old barront,
"I am going."
"Not by any means," firmly replied Tom.
"Nor shall you father," said Albion.
The earl raised his head, and asked his son
what he had said. In truth, ny Lord of Winchester and Tiverton had been thinking of those
strange words which the barrones had spoken,
and he had not noticed what was passing about
him.

Albion repeated his order, but it availed nothing, for in a moment more the two old men put
their heads together, and swore they'd go.

But our hero did not wait for them. He saw
that his men had ropes, and having assured
himself his lantern was so fixed that the wind-rould
not extinguish the light, he set out. When he
reached the gravelled carriage-path he was forced
to stop a moment to collect his energies, for the
tempest was more terrific than he had thought.
He soon braced himself, however, and then, with
a world of encouragement to his followers, he
started on again.

Tom, like Albion, had on an oil-cloth suit, but the others only had on thick woollen gurmen's, and they were wet to the skin in a few minutes, but they thought not of that. The rain fell-or rather, was driven—in a perfect torrent, and for awhile it was almost blinding in its power. The sea broke upon the coast with a roar that set the thunder at defance, and the spray was thrown far up over the land. Ever and anon the lightning flashed through the heavens, revealing the scene around, and the boiling, hissing sea was terrible to look upon.



# sees The Flag of our Tuion. ->

At length the party reached the shore of the nay, where they could look about them without the intervening of trees. The signal gun was still heard at short intervals, but the roar of the surge was so deafening that its direction could not be made out. Albion had hoped that he should be able to make it out from the light of its flash, but the driving rain, and the thick spray which was thrown high up into the air, shut out its view.

which was thrown high up into the air, shat our its view.

"Here we'll stand," said Albion, "and wait for the lightning, and then if we look sharp we may make her out. Keep your eyes seaward, now, and look sharp!" and look sharp. "In a few moments the lightning again leaped along the black sky, and the sea was bathed in the lurid glare for miles around.

"There she is !" shouted one oft. "I have had perched himself upon a high rock. "I have her berth, and I'll make her out next time." Albion raised his lanters and jumped upon the rock by the side of the man, and when the next flash came he made out the vessel distinctly. She was a ship—a heavy ship—with a close-recedd maintopsail set. He could tell thus much. Hie waited for the next flash, and he saw that he was laying-to upon the larboard tack, and that her lighter spars were all off, and her fore and miszen topmasts housed. He had also seen that the sea was breaking wildly over her, and that she was fast drifting towards the shore. By this time Tom had made his way upon the rock, and at the next flash of lighning he saw the ill-fated craft.
"Mercifal heavens!" he cried, "she is drift-

fated craft.

"Merciful heavens!" he cried, "ahe is drifting upon the Imp's Rocks as sure as death!
See! see! She is almost upon them now!"
"She is," celood one of the men.
"Then no power on earth can save her," said
Albion, who was watching with nervous anxiety
for the next flash.

"Then no power on earth can save her," said Albion, who was watching with nervous anxiety for the next flash.

At this juncture our hero heard the voice of his father near the rock, and on turning he saw both the old men with each of them a lantern. "What is it?" cired Sir William.

But before his question could be answered the great night-torch of heaven fared out again through the terror-laden space, and the ship was plainly seen. The lightning played through the black wall in wild, fantastic shapes, and the glare was unusually long in continuance. Albion could see where the see was broken more terribly by the sunken rocks, and he saw, too, that the ship was not half a cable's length from them, and that she was being tossed about like a playshing it has head so a reckless boy.

Once more the heavens were black as ink, and he lanterns looked like dim sparks just dying amid their own embers, after the bilinding light of the electric flame had gone. In as few words as possible Albion told the story of what he had seen, and then he bent his ear towards the spot where he had last seen the ship. The surge roared on, and the rain fell in bilinding torrents, but our hero noticed it not. He waited for the earth-how he was sure must come. There was one more boom of the gun, and while its dull voice was syel lingering with the roar of the term-pest, there came a sharp, wild cry over the water. Albion shuddered, for he knew that the death-angel was at work there!

"The hour has come!" he cried to Sir William. "The ship has struck. We will stay, for we may find some who will wash above."

Both the old men worked their way upon the rock, and in a few moments more the heavens burned again. The ship was upon the rockeher mainmast gone, and her hull upon its beam-day. The sea was washing madly over tilening and towering above its broken form, and its boats and spars were being fast washed nave.

"Mot as sauredly not."

There was a female form which he had eaen, and the now how will wash a shore."

"The towas a female form whi

the bay.

It was a female form which he had seen, and
Albion's quick eve had caught the same.

It was a female form which he had seen, and Albion's quick eye had enaght the same.

"What can it be?" the earl repeated, in tones of surprise. "A woman out in this storm!"

"That is an angel of mercy," replied the youth, in a subdued tone. "No storm nor tempest will stay her when danger calls, or suffering humanity wants succor."

The old man graced into his son's face. The glares of the lightning had gone, but he held up his hattern.

s lantern.
"Who is it?" he asked.
"Alice Woodley—the fisher-girl," replied

"Who is it?" he asked.
"Alice Woodley—the fisher-girl," replied Albion.

The parent made no further remark, but he macrured something over to himself which asked to the sounded very much like regret. But that was not the time for such subjects, and Lord Tireston tarned his attention to the ship. Not so Albion, however. When the next flash came his cyes were upon the opposite beach, and he saw that same form standing there yet, right where do not such as the same form standing there yet, right where che surpe washed up about her feet, and he could see that in her hand she held a lantern. It was pitchy black once more, but away off upon the other beach, our hero could see the tiny spark of a leatern. He was nervous and anxious. "Father," he at length said, "I am going over upon the other beach. If any people are washed ashore, some of them will be as likely to wash up there as here."
"And is that all you would go for, my boy!" the old was asked, holding up his lantern and looking into his sou's face.
"No, sir, not by one half. I would go to send that noble girl into her dwelling, and myself take her place on the watch."
"Go then; but remember you are her friend." Albion quickly called off three of the men to follow him upon the other side of the bay, and Tom was determined to go, too.
"Yes, Master Thomas, you go and keep him

om was determined to go, too.
"Yes, Master Thomas, you go and keep him
mpany," said the earl, quickly, as though he
re auxious that there should be a check upon
e actions of his son. "Your father and I will
ok out for this place. Go—and look out

But Tom heard no more. He saw Albion's lantern clear away ahead, and he hastened on to overtake him. They were obliged to take the upper path, for the lower one was so washed by the sea that it was impossible to keep it. The lanterns were held out shead, and they cast there dim, struggling light far enough into the utter blackness to enable the adventurers to keep on at a respectable pace. The walk was somewhat of a stedious one, but it was at length as compilabed, and Albion found Alice standing watch upon the heach. He spoke to her a five hurried words of love before the others came up, and he chided her for being there; but at his urgent request she consented to retire to the house when at he was assured that the place should be watched, and any infortunate cared for who might chance to come ashore.

The three men who had accompanied Albion

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The three men who had accompanied Albion

lor who might chance to come ashore.

The three men who had accompanied Albion and Tom, were loud and earnest in their blessings upon the head of the beautiful girl, and Albion felt grateful to them.

After our hero had succeeded in getting Alice beneath the shelier of her cot, he once more turned his attention to the ship. The rain began to often, nor was it so bright or lasting. It was more distant—so distant now that its thunder could not be heard. But the wind still maintained its power with howling fury. Our hero could see that the ship was fast coming to pieces, her masts were ali gone, her bluwarks stove off, and her storn broken, and the deck of the poop gone. And yet no human thing had come ashore. Not long, however, was he to wait for the shadow of the death-rangel. Half an hour had not passed when something was washed up, and Albion found it to be a human body. In fifteen minutes more three other bodies followed it—and that was all. The hours dragged slow-ly away, and no more dead bodies came. At length they could looked at his watch, and it was midnight. For two hours there had been no lightning, and the wind howled coldly and dismally.

"Tom," our hero said, "there will no more bodies come until the ship is in pieces. It is now past midnight."

"Then let us return to the hall, and in the morning we will come down again. There is no use in remaining here."

"So be it. But one of these men must go and sleep at the widow's oct."

"Yes, Mosely will go. He has often remained there when he has been at work for the widow. Mosely, you will go to the standard of the care and the first will also put in the side will be down early in the morning."

"Certainly," returned the man, who was one of Sir William is foresters—a tout, powerful man, somewhere between forty and fifty years of ages.

"You will sleep with one eye open, and Jump if there is need."

"Out and the cample of their ciders.

Albion Tiverton was worn and fatigued, but it was sometime before he slept, for the events of the day were enough to work

### CHAPTER XII.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OLD MAN OF THE WHECK.

WHEN Albion arose on the following morning he found that the sun was just rising, and that the storm had all passed away. The wind was gone, and only a gentle breeze played about his window. Yet he could hear the roar of the surge upon the coast, and a cold shudder crept through his frame as he thought how solemn was the requient hose waves were sounding. When he looked out at the window he saw the tracks of the storm-fiend. The whole park was strewn with fragments of boards, and shingles, and roken boughs which the gale had swept from their former places. Great trees were bent over, as though they had suddenly grown old and decrepit, the great branches were twisted and troken, the smaller boughs burled about, and many of the bough houses and trellices torn in pieces and half prostrate.

It was truly a scene of desolation, but our hero did not stop long to contemplase it. As soon as he could dress himself he hurried away to Tom's room, where he found his friend will fast asleep; but he awoke the sleeper, and in abort time they were both ready to set out. Albion made his way first to the bridge, meaning to seek the widow's cot at once. Tom of course made no objections to this, for he would have chosen that course himself.

The sam was well up when the two young men reached the cot, and they found that Mosely was pale and agitated, for not far from her door there was a pilo of ghastly corses, and she had been helping to place them there. But Albion made her reite to the house now, and she compiled without resistance. After this our hero joined Mosely.

The ship had been mostly knocked to plees, but yet a good part of her hull remained.

piled without resistance. After this our hero joined Mosely.

The ship had been mostly knocked to pieces, but yet a good part of her bull remained upon the rocks. Her back was broken, but she had not yet been rent in twain, though all her bulwarks were gone, and the greater part of her spar deck ripped up and washed off. She lay now with her stern and bows both in the water, and her waist higher up, both ends having failen while her center rested among the rocks. The beach was strewn with pieces of the wreck, but there were no more dead boties upon this side of the bay, Mosely having gathered up all he could

poing upon the greenswaft near the cot.

"I've been up, at work bere, ever since daylight," said Mostly, "and you see I have gathered up all the dead ones I could find. There's more of 'em up the bay, and some on the other side. But I guess the ship only had her common rew aboard, for you see all these be common sailors."

"Yes, I see," returned Albion. "But have you found the name of the ship?"

"As, he had at Gravesend when I came out. But she's done for now."

"As, soon as our hero became satisfied that there was nothing more for him to do upon that side of the beach he started around for the opposite shore, having first, however, seen Alice, and made her promise to have some regard for her own physical welfare.

Along on the shore of the bay, after they had stood the night before they found other dead bodies, and when they reached the rock where they had stood the night before they found more of the said memoteres of the wreek. It all they had found twenty-four corses, and they supposed them inght be more on hoard the wreek. There was a surge-boat on shore belonging to Sir William; and the men, eight of whom had just come down from the hall accompanied by the coroner and others, agreed as once to man it, if Albion wished to go out. This surf or life-boat, our hero knew would be pricely said upon the sea, and he at once handed down and shoved off.

"The sea was running high, but the stout men beat themselves to their oars, and the boat twee to proudly up. Albion took the being, and with a practised hand and eye he steered over the seas with the least possible danger, and at length the wreck was close at hand. Directly under the lea of the hall, amidships, there was a space of comparatively smooth water, where nothing could touch the boat awar the spray that came dashing over the wreck, and for this our adventurers cared nothing, for they were wet to the skin now, and if the boat should have the work was close at hand. Directly under the lea of the hall, amidships, there was a space of comparatively smooth wa

"I can't tell yet," returned Albion, at the same time larjing his hand upon the wrinkled brow and shuddering. "His flesh is côld and clammy, but not rigid like a dead man's. But come, we'll get him out of this, and we can tell more then." Accordingly the body was drawn out from the bunk and lifted upon the upper deek, and after considerable examination both Albion and Tom came to the conclusion that there might be life present. At any rate he was carefully wrapped in an old sail, and then lowered into the boat. It was evident that there was nothing more on board the wreek worthy of further attention, for the whole contents of the cabin had been swept away, and the store-rooms were smashed in and filled with water. So the adventures returned to their boat, and having bailed out the water, they cast off from the wreek and turned back towards the shore. It was easy rowing now, and soon our men stood upon the beach, where they found Sir William and the earl. Tom came to the conclusion that th

earl.

"Ab, what have you got there?" Sir William asked, as he saw some of his men lifting a body from the boat.

"You see," returned Albion, who had been and greeted his father; "it is the body of an old man I found on board the wreck, and I am not sure that he is dead."

"O yes, he is," said the baronet, as he went up and gazed into the sunken, ghastly features. "There's no life there, you may depend on't."
"Ah, but I am not so sure," Albion returned, with a dubious shake of the head. "Ife hasn't surely been drowned, and I know'h he han't been braised. His flesh is easily moved, and you see his limba are not stiff and right like they would be if he was dead. We'd better take him up to the hall and call a doctor, at any rate, and then if he is really dead we'll give him a decent braised. His really dead we'll give him a decent brail of the strength of the hall and call a doctor, at any rate, and then if he is really dead we'll give him a decent brail. Of course you have no objections!"
"Most certainly not. And perhaps you may be right, after all. Let some of the men take him up at once."
A litter was quickly made from the fragments of the wreck that had washed up on to the beach, and four of the stoutest men lifted the load to their shoulders and started off.
It was now near the middle of the forenoon, and both Albion and Tom were tired and hungry, and as there were congle to look after everything upon the beach, they concluded to go up to the hall and get some breakfast. There were full two hundred people collected now upon the shore, some of them having already arrived from Framlingham, whither Sir William had sent for the officers were full two hundred people collected now upon the shore, some of them having already arrived from Framlingham, whither Sir William had sent for the olicers were full we had to not up to rest and refresh himself. As soon as the body of the old man was brought in, Thomas had it conveyed to a comfortable bed in the servastic quarters, and drugs had run his hands and eyes over the body. "I think there's life here," was the reply, "though how long "twill last I can't say."
"I thought how long "twill last I can't say."
"I thought how long "twill last I can't say."
"I thought how long "twill last I can't say."
"I thought how long twill last i can't say."

us countenances.
"How is it, doctor?" whispered our hero.
"He's coming," replied the operator, withou

"He a coming," repine in a operator, without looking up.
Altion drew near to the bed and gazed over the head-board, and he saw signs of life plainly working upon the old man's features. The eyes were partly opened—the lips were partled, and the nostrils moved. And the breast, too, seemed to rise and fall, as though the lungs were at work.

work.

"He is surely coming," said Albion.

"O, yes, he's had his syes open once, and his lips moved almost with speech. He has had a touch of catalogist, and must certainly have been sick some time. There has been fever upon him, and most probably he was just getting up from it when this accident happened."

Albion still stood at the head of the bed, and Tom joined him, and ere long afterwards the old man fairly opened his eyes and turned his head.

"Do you know where you are?" asked the doctor, bending his head low down.

The patient looked up, and a ray of intelligence gleamed upon his face.

camed upon his face.
"Do you know where you are?" the doctor

repeated.
"I am not dead," the man murmured, trembling violently.
"No, not a bit of it. You are safe as need be. Look up and see if you know me."
"Dector Randassel 1" said the man.
"No. Who is Dector Randassel 1"
"Our good doctor of London; but you are not him. I alint in London."
"No. Doa't you remember where you have been 3"

en ?"
The invalid gazed anxiously about him for a oment, and then he closed his eyes. Directly a uttered a quick, wild cry, and started up.
"Lost! lost!" he cried. "The ship has—"

"Lost lost" no cried. "In ship has—" He stopped and gazed again about him, and then sank back once more upon his pillow.
"You are safe," said the doctor. "So you need not fear."

"And where am I†"

"Where you will be taken good care of."
As the physician spoke, he looked carefully into the invalid's face, and then took his pulse, and while he held on by the wrist he told the poor man how he had been saved. The old felow finale no reply, but seemed trying to remember the scenes he had passed through.

"Now, gentlemen," said the man of medicine, turning to Albion and Tom, "we will leave him in the care of a nurse, and I will go down and prepare such medicine as I want him to have not the will need for the next twenty-for hours will be rest and quiet. Of course you can supply a narse i"

"Certainly," said Thomas.
So the party left the apartment, and while the doctor went to prepare his medicine Tom went to select one of the women to attend to its administration, and after that both the young men went out to meet Sir William and the earl, who were just coming up the road. The baronet was very anxions to hear how the sufferer got along, and he was joyed when he heard the result.

"One man saved, at least," he said.
But little did Sir William dream who that sufferer was!

#### CHAPTER XIII.

IT was on the day after the old man had been rescued from the wreck. All the dead bodies had been taken away by the proper authorities, and men were engaged in clearing away the rubbish of the wreck that had been washed on shore. Alice Woodley was in her little sitting-room, and her mother was busy in cooking. The maiden had been sitting with her sweing work upon her knees for some time, when her attention was arrested by the approach of a woman who bore a basket upon her arm. The woman was apparently old, and bean with years, and upon her head she wore a black hood that almost entirely concealed her face. Her dress was of faded black silk, and probably one that she had either stolen or begged. She entered the house without knocking, but stopped at the inner door until Alice invited her to come in. She came in and set down her basket, and then threw the old hood partly back from her head. Her hair was of a yellowish flaxen hea, and hung in direcked, matted masses about her face and neck, and such of her face as could be seen was dirty and begrimmed. She gazed around the room with furtive glances, and then turned her eyes upon Alice.

"My good girl," she said, in a strange, creaking voice, "I am very thirsty,"

Alice at once arose and quickly procured water, which she brought in a spitcher. The woman drank, and then set the pitcher upon the table near her.

"I am a poor, destitute woman," she said, as soon as Alice had taken her seat again, "and I am sorry to say that I am reduced even to begging. For the love of mercy give me something, if it be no more than a great."

"We, too, are poor," returned Alice, looking with compassion upon the woman deepite on begging. For the love of mercy give me something, if it be no more than a great."

"We, too, are poor," returned she had a half-crown in her hand.

"This made you shall a me reduced even to begging. For the love of mercy give me something, if it be no more than a great."

"We, too, are poor," returned she had a half-crown in her hand.

"This malet you caulied a

Shortly afterwards the woman arose to go, and as she took up her basket, she said:
"I cannot carry all these. Do you not love

"I cannot carry sil these. Do you not love plans?"

"I eat them sometimes," returned the maiden.
"Then get me a dish and I will leave you part of these."

"No, no, my good woman, I do not want them. You may find opportunity to sell them."

"But I can't carry them any further. Were I young like yourself it would be different, but they bear heavy on my arm."

Rather than have any further argument, Alice fetched a basin, and the woman poured out some two quarts of her plans. They were the common black damson, and looked quite ripe and nice.

nice.
"You will find them most excellent," she said, "and I hope you will not think you are robbing me, for upon my soul I cannot earry them."

them."

Allica professed to be very grateful for the gift, and shortly the woman turned towards the door.

"Which is the nearest way to the read "yo the read "yo the read" is he asked, after she had reached the inner door.

"Follow right back over the bridge, and take Sir William's carriage-path, that is the nearest," answered the mainten.

The woman thanked her, and then took her

"Ho, mother, do you want some plums?"

"Ho, mother, do you want some plums!"
called Alice.
"Not now, my child. But how much did
you give the woman?"
"Hi is considerable for us, but we can better
spare it, perhaps, than she can do without it.
Where did she get her plums?"
"She said at Linden H.dl. I love plums, but
I most certainly shall eat none of those."
"But why not?" asked the mother, advancing and looking into the basen her hands you
would not ask. I never saw such dirty, filthy
hands in all my life before. My stomach turns
at the very thought. And see—there is during
the property of t

Alice took up one of the plums as she spoke and showed it to he mother, and while they were examining it the sound of carriage wheels was heard at the door. The basin was quickly moved back upon the table, and Mrs. Woodley hurried out into her little kitchen, while Alice went to the door.

It was Six William's carriage which had arrived, but the haronet himself was not there. The doctor, whom we have seen at the hall, was the first to alight, and a companion was with him. "Doctor Dillon," said Alice, as she extended her hand to one who had been very kind to her mother; and there was a bright smile upon the face.

"I have come, my sweet child, to see how your mother is," said the doctor, as he passed into the house, "and you see I have brought a friend along with me, but he has only come to see the sights about our coast."

"He is very welcome to our humble cot," the maiden returned, as she set out two chairs, and then, with a smile, she added: "But he will find our coast at a disadvantage now, for we have had a rough visitor."

"We are aware of that, and a severe time it has been. One poor fellow is now at the hall who was rescued from the grapp of the storm."

"Was there one saved from the ship!" asked Alice, eagerly.

"Yes."

"But many, alas! will know the things of earth no more," she said, softly, while a moist light shone in her eyes. "God receive them !"
There was a moment's pause, and during that time Alice looked up into the face of the doctor's companion, but her eyes fell again, for she found him gazing steadfastly upon her. Little did the fair girl dream that it was the father of her noble lover who now ast there and gazed upon her. But so it was. Lord Tiverton had come over with the physician—just for the scenery, he said—but surely he had come to see for himself the sort of being with whom his boy had fallen in love.

the sort of being with whom his boy had fallen in love.

"I am a privileged character here, and I shall take the liberty of going to see your mother, for I see she's in her kitchen."

The doctor said this with a smile, and as he spoke he arose and left the room. He wiss privileged, truly, for he had attended the widow through a long siege of sickness, and he would accept of no remuneration for it. He often called when it came near his way to see how she got along, and sometimes he left her small packages of invigorating medicines. After he had gone, of course the earl and Alice were left alone, and both of them seemed a little uneasy. Lord Tiveron was struck with something peculiar about the girl's appearance, and so was she impressed with the same idea respecting him. In fact, there was a striking resemblance between the father and son, though Alice's suspicious were not aroused in that quarter, for the idea of her visitor's true character did not enter her inied.
"You have a delicitifal residence here." the

"You have a delightful residence here," the earl said, after he had viewed the maiden for

Yes, sir," she replied, looking up. "Most

some time.

"Yes, sir," she replied, looking up. "Most of the year it is very pleasant."

"I suppose it has its disadvantages, as have all other places," the earl resumed. "It is retred, and to some it would be lonesome."

"Yes, sir, but it is not lonesome to us, for in truth we have few friends to leave behind, go where we will; and I believe it is the absence of friends that makes what we call lonelines."

"I think you are right; though a dreary prospect may be lonesome, while a bright and joyous one would not be."

"Certainly, sir. You speak the truth. I should not want to live in a drear and cheerless home, for I should surely be miserable them. But here we have the fields and hills, the streams and the vales, the trees and the flowers, upon one hand, and the great ocean of mystery and grandeur on the other. O, sir, this is a very beautiful home."

It was not the words which the girl spoke that caused the earl to gaze so steadily into her face, that it was the manner in which they were spoken, and the strange, transcendent light that leamed in her countenance. A waking still was upon her lips, and its soft, sweet tone went even to her eyes.

"After all," said the earl, "it is the sprint of any

even to her eyes.

"After all," said the earl, "it is the spirit of contentment that makes the beauties of any home. Even heaven itself would be no home without contentment."

home. Even heaven itself would be no home without contentment."

"True, sir, very true; and yet sometimes, in view of what we see here on earth, we might be almost led to think that there would be some who would be even discontented in heaven. Too few realize the blessings which are showered upon them. The joys and pleasures of a year pass away and are forgotten, while the misfortunes of an hour are held firmly in remembrance, and made the source of repining and regret."

"You speak advisedly for one so young, my dirt child," said Tiverton, becoming more and more interested.

"Do not flatter me, sir, for I have but treasured up a few simple truths that are whispered in the breze of every changing wind."

"And did you not know that the person who gathers instruction in that manner is by far the most worthy!"

nost worthy?"
"I know that the world does not so consider

Yet it is so, lady."

"Yet it is so, lady."

"Perhaps you are right there, sir; but yet you must admit that very many—too many—are governed by the opinions of the world, even though in some cases such opinions may conflict with their own better judgments."

"Yes, yes," said the earl; but he spoke in an absent tone, and his eyes were best to the floor. He knew that the maiden spoke the truth, and he knew, too, that it rubbed hard upon his own conventions.

he knew, too, that it removes— course of life. Soon Lord Tiverton led off upon another sub-ject, and thither Alice modestly followed him. She showed plainly that her mind was not only stored with valuable information, but that she possessed a calm, clear, distriminating mind. Mer judgment was not only superior, but it was

readily at hand. Truths were intuitive with her, and analogy was thoroughly at her command. The very expression upon the earl's features showed that he was charmed. His gase was fixed upon the beautiful face before him, and at length he unddenly stopped in his conversation and bent his eyes to the floor. He raised his right hand to his brow and remained thus for several moments.

"Has your mother lived long here's he asked, at length raising his hand.
"Only about five years, sir," returned Alice, somewhat moved by the man's manner.

Again the earl gazed into the maiden's face, and his seemed to be ruthying deeply upon something that had come to his mind; but before he could ask any more questions the doctor returns, and with him came the wildow.

"You see, Mrs. Woodley," said the physician, with a smile, as he entered the room, "took the liberty to invite a guest. He only accompanied me to see the beach here."

Dillon did not introduce his companion by mane, for the earl had requested him not to, stating as a reason that it annoyed him to have his rank known among common people.

Mrs. Woodley very graciously bade the stranger welcome, and then took a seat near her daughter. The earl gazed upon her after she had ast down, and thier eyes met. Lord Tiverton started—and so did the widow. Tiverton half started from his chirt, and the widow shrank back and tried to overcome the emotion that had seized upon her.

[FO BE CONTINUED.]

FIDELITY TO ENGAGEMENTS.

Individuals who make promises which they never intend to perform, who onter into engagements, knowing that they cannot fulfil them, or who proffer kindnesses, designing at the same time merely to deceive, will discover in the end, who proffer kindnesses, designing at the same time merely to deceive, will discover in the end, that they have insuled and thus embittered their acquaintances, that they have wantonly played with and thus sacrified their reputation. An experienced merchant will never go among his meghbors and solicit a favor, without intending appointed time. Any other course, he is aware, would be fatal to him for the future. The young, therefore, who are just beginning life, and who, consequently, have characters to establish, should be considered to the consequently, have characters to establish, should be carried to the consequently of the consequence of the consequenc

NEW DISCOVERY.

Mr. Edward Boyer, of Nimes, has recently solved a problem, of which the illustrious inventor of littography. A dois Senetider, had valued to the control of the control of the control of the control of the description of his disciples have failed. Even M. Johard, notwithstanding his talents and acquirements, and his extraordinary skill in littography, had failed to accomplish the discovery. Mr. Boyer explains his invention, which he calls however the control of the c

### AFRICAN APE.

AFRICAN APE.

Professor Owen, in a recent lecture before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, thus alludes to a fearful species of ape, first discovered not long ago:

An application of the tree nature and character of the great ourang, or pongo of Baron Wurnh, and of the adult chimpauzee, evidence has been obtained of a smaller species of chimpanzee in Africa, to which the species of chimpanzee in Africa, with the species of t

He hath made a good progress in business that had thought well of it beforehand. Some do first, and think afterwards.

(Written for The Flag of our Union.) HOW TO QUIET THEM.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Brass me, what a racket! I declare if it isn't enough to set one crazy. What under the sun has got into you all to behave so, or rather misbehave yoursleves in such a way! You act like a parcel of wild Indians. How do you suppose I'll ever get supper ready with so many of you under my feet all the time, and such a hoesting in my ears! If it's anybody in this created world that needs patience, it a smother. Talk of Job's patience! I should like to know what he ever had to try him that is cenal to what I have now, and every time, indeed, I set out to get a meal. I declare, I could sit down and cry with a good grace. I am completely worn out." And ceasing, from sheer futigue, her impassioned discourse, half soliloquy, half declarantory, Mrs. Mann threw berself into her rocker, and storce by a violent pressure of her hands upon her forehead to regain the mastery of her contacted thoughts.

Some would have asid she was to be pitied; others, that they cavide ther. The mother of four, bright, beautiful, healthy children, those pacents whose empty cradles sadly reminded them of the little green mounds in the grave-yards, and those wedded ones whose hearth-stones had never been gladdened by the musical patter of haby feet, would have looked upon her as one on whom God had gladly smiled and bountifully blessed, and coveted her holy task. Mothers, with as many laughing, dancing one of their own about them,—most of them, at least, would have said, on the impulse of the moment, "I bity her—four such noisy little ones are enough to set her cravy." And yet not one of them would have been willing to give up one of their own darlings, survly as it might be, and though it threatened each day to set them raving, and would have thought her hard indeed in heart, could he for a moment only have harbored such a fell idea. And she herself, though she had just pronounced a tirred against them in such emphatic terms that a stranger might have fancied her devol of tender feeling, would have got the four the substant the min such emphati

two minutes there was quive a cann, on one-Ellen called out:

"Mother! mother! Jimmy is tearing the pa-per off the wall."

"No, I sint either, so there. You tell a big story. I sint did no such thing. It was all loose, and I just lifted it up to see what there was under it. I didn't never thick of tearing

was under it. I didn't never think of tearing it."

"I wish you could once in a while see things without wondering what was in them or under them," exclaimed the mother, esting the little five year old philosopher by the shoulders, and sitting him down with something of a jerk into his high chair. "Now sit there, and ait still, no;" and she turned and went into the panery. "Get up, pony! Go-along, you lazy fellow! Whoa, now! Why don't you get up when I tell you! Whoa! Now, go-a-long!"

"What are you two about now!" asked the matron, as she returned to the store. "Playing horse with those stools, as I'm alive! I wonder fly ouc each get end to the store. "Playing horse with those stools, as I'm alive! I wonder fly ouc each get per list. And what are you doing, Miss Ellen, with that cashion rolled up in your apron a! Pretty looking thing it will be to wear to school to-morrow! I should think you were old enough to keep still."

"Well, I am still, aint I, mother! I am sure, I aint made a breath of noise. I was only making a baby, 'cause I don't like to sis still and have nothing to do,'

"No more does I," should elithe Jimmy, from his wooden theme. "I want something to do, too, 'cause I get so tired, doing nothing."

"And so do we, mother," joined in George and Harry. "Only give us something to do

and we wont make no noise. But it's awful hard work to sit still here with nothing but the bare floor to look at. See if we aint still and good as soon as we get basy."

The mother hesitated a moment. She did not feel like stopping her employment to look up something to quiet her children; it seemed to her as though they ought to be still when she lotd them to, as though they ought to be still when she lotd them to, as though they ought to mind, let the act of obedience be ever so repulsive. But a little reflection told her, what indeed past experience had already suggested, that to quiet an active child, you must engage his mind, rives his attention and give him something to do. So she set down the bowl of batter she was beating, and going into the parlor, returned with four illustrated newspapers.

"Now, if you will be vary careful," said she, "I will let you each take one of these papers. They are full of beautiful pictures. But you mustn't tear them, or make a noise about them, but change with each other quietly. Come; get each one of you a chair, and sit down to the little table."

the one of you a chair, and sit down to the little table."

There was a joyful scampering among the little table.

There was a joyful scampering among the little of the l

so quiet, too! You are having a nice time, aint you i?"

"I guess we be," responded Jimmy, earnestly,
"Just look here, papis, here's a big dog dragging a little boy out of the river. Do you suppose he fell in 'I am afraid he'll die before they can get him home."

"No, he wonst die either," said George; "he's only a picture boy. But just look here, father, and see what a lot of trainers. O, don't I wish I was one of those little boys that stand looking on 'I guess I'd hallon some!"
"No, you wouldn't, would he, papa i' and Jimmy looked up earnestly. "Cause you see you wouldn't be anything but a picture boy, and you'd have to be still."
"And I guess," said Ellen, with quie a womanly air, "mother would rather you'd all ittle while ago."

"Well, you can't say much, Miss Sis, for you haugry!"
"We wont talk about that now," said Mryou hann, pleasanly. "Supper is ready; sin't you haugry!"
"I was, but I forgot all about it," was the

Mann, pleasantly. "Supper is ready; aint you hungry?"
"I way, but I forgot all about it;" was the joint response, as they turned reluciantly from the fascinating pictures, Jimmy saying as he climbed into his high chair, "I wish you would always give me pictures to look at when I make a noise; wont you, mother?"
"I am afraid my pictures wouldn't hold out, my little boy; but I'll try after this and always give you something to do," and then speaking the you would then speaking to herself, she said, "and I'll pray for a larger stock of patience, and fresh memories of my own childish pranks."

### A STRANGER.

Those who are termed "simple-minded people" adopt a curiously innocent mode of expension occasionally, which comes so near art we heard of a young married couple (from the country, of course, who recently attended an exhibition of Dissolving Views. The bride, being pretty, attracted the attention of a stylishing pretty attracted the attention of a stylishing pretty, attracted the attention of a stylishing pretty attracted the attention of the country observed, by some accident the light was entirely observed. The light was entirely observed the

### FLORICULTURE.

FLORICULTURE.

The advance in the science of flowers is a page in the progress of the country. It is not a grape in the progress of the country. It is not a control of the property of the production of the property of the production of the flower, the gathering into our own latitude of so many of the vivid and brilliant of other lands, all these have tended, and are working every hour, in the have bended, and are working every hour, in the have bended, and are working every hour, in the have bended, and are working every hour, in the have bended, and are working every hour, in the have been added to the have been and bender of the property of the production of the produ

### A BRISK PLACE.

A HRISK PLACE.

There is a good nucedote told of the little town of Portland, Indiana. While a certain steamboat was putting out from there not long since, for New Orleans, the mate, an old boatman, turned to some passengers and remarked:

"This little town, gentlemen, looks dull; but "This little town, grantenen, looks dull; but with the little town, grantenen, looks dull; but the little town, grantenen, looks dull; but the little town, grantenen, looks dull; but with a fat boat to New Orleans, we stopped here to procure some provisions. I went up into the town, and seeing a coat hanging out of a shop-door, just took it. The owner came after mecaught mechanical continuation of the little place is that same Portland.— Western paper.

SOCIAL CHAY IN A RAILHOAD CAP.

One of the finest follows in the world, and one of the comellest, too, is Billy Florence, as we always call him, for whort. He has about as much bombonnie as the next man, and he who has more will be hard to find.

In the state of th

NAPOLEON ON HIS WAY TO ST. HELENA. The following scene, as given in the book of M. Chautard from Santini's notes, is at once curious and amusing:

The following scene, as given in the book of M. Chantard from Santini's notes, is at once curious and amusing:

"The Northumberland was fifteen days out, We had passed Teneriffs, the heat was becoming the season of action. He expressed his surprise, exported the season of action. He expressed his surprise, exported the season of action. He expressed his surprise, exported the season of action. He expressed his surprise, exported the season of action. He expressed his surprise, exported the season of action. He expressed his surprise, exported his become a hardresser." He then turned to Santini, and said to him in Ajaccio patolic with the profit of the season of the season have a care how the season of the season have a care how the season of the season have a care how the season of the season have a care how the season which the season have a care how the season which the season have a care how the season which the season have a care how the season which the season have a care how the season which the season have a care how the season which the season have a care how the season which the season have a care how the season which the season have a care how the season which the season have a care how the season which the season have a care how the season which the season have a care how the season which the season have a care how the season which the season have a care how the season which the season have a care how the season which the season have a care how the season have a care how the season which the season have a care how the season which the season have a care how the season which the season have a care how the season which the season have a care how the season which had altered the aspect of Europe. It was with a trending had had a season had

Sternest soul dream sadly."

CILLORORNI.

We know of a young lady who protrasted her father's life several months by rubbing him daily with chloroform, while his vital energies were sinking under the disease callede consumption. She was accustomed to manipulate him every day with chloroform, until, overcome hereelf by an and remain, sometimes, for a whole hour in that situation. But she liked it, and described the effect upon her as being so delicious, that, as soon as ahe recovered from its influence, she longed for the time to come saund when the longed for the time to come saund when the father died, but the lower of sections have come almost a passion with the daughter.—New York Express Messauger.

There is an animal we meet, That well deserves our pity; The country greenhorn, just an In this great bustling city!

anders up and down our streets innocent and green, dreams by night, of everything has by daylight seen!

His coat is long, his pants are short. His boots are awful thick; And in his hands he firmly holds His heavy hickory stick.

His hands are browned with hor His hair well candled down, By which 'tis very plainly seen, He's " lately come to town!"

Two years have past—behold him A patent bandbox dandy; Who uses for the public good, His stock of oaths so handy.

His coat is in the latest style, His vest is a-la-mode; His pants contain too little cloth, To be a heavy load.

His friends, too, often teil him now How he's improved of late— And, for his future great success, Fondly anticipate!

The change is great, but is it good?

If he so much improved,
Perhaps 'twere well, if from his home
He never here had moved!

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

### FIRST AND SECOND WIFE.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

"HEM that cravat for me that I brought in yesterday; I wan it this evening."
The speaker, a stout, raddy "six footer," looked down on a small, pale woman, who sat holding a fat boy of seven months, while anoth-er in its third summer was pulling lustily at her

dress.
"You've got three very good ones, ready to wear; wont one of those suit you? I've got a great deal to do to-day," was the reply.
"No; I want the new one; I like a change once in a while. And I really wish you'd stop pleading such an amount of work when I ask a small favor. You always do it."
"O, no; no talways," she rejoined, mildly. "Sometimes the children are more trouble than as others."

"O, no; not always," she rejoined, mildly.
"Sometimes the children are more trouble than at others."

"There it is again—the children! I'm tired of hearing the old story. Anybody would think, by your talk, that you were killed with work, with only your baband and two little boys, who, I dare say, are as easy to take care of as the common run of children. What if you had siz, instead of two?"

Mrs. Luther did not reply. A sad look stole over her once round, roay face, which she quickly averted to conceal an unbidden tear.

"I'll send home a turkey and some vegetables. Now don't fall to get up something nice in the way of pudding, for I forgot to mention that Morris will dine with us to-day, and he's quicklore heart of the state of the st

e street. His wife leaned her head on her hand and

walked hurriedly through the entry, and into the street.

His wife leaned her head on her hand and wept unrestrainedly. The behy-boy looked up wonderingly into her face, while her first-born, creating its hold of her dress, stroked her cheek lovingly with its tipy hand, lisping in infantile accents, "Me love mana—ne hove mana."

Mrs. Luther was deeply moved by this touching demonstration of childlish sympathy. She clasped her little comforters in a long embrace, and then wiping away all traces of agitation, proceeded about her daily duties with a calm though saddened countenance.

Four years before, she was a glad, gleeful maiden, knowing no care, feeling no sorrow, and guarded jealously by fond parents, who liked not even the winds of heaven to blow upon her too roughly. A delicate plant was above the deword of kindness. A trusting, loving, guilleless nature was hers, painting the future in rainbow lines, crowing it with a garland of evergreen, which should outlive the heat of summer, the blasts of autumn, and the snows of winter. Among her fancies, girl-like, she pictured one, whose every existence would be so intermingled with her own, that to doubt him would be to wrong herself.

But, alas! gentle maiden, Jean Paul Richter whose leaves of the wood with the sort of the strong her fancies, girl-like, she pictured one, whose very existence would be so intermingled with her own, that to doubt him would be to wrong herself.

But, alas! gentle maiden, Jean Paul Richter whose very existence would be so intermingled with her own, that to doubt him would be to know the same than the pillow can give it; that the perfuned flower-poke truth when he said: "Thou knowest not that thy gentle heart needs something warmer than blood, and the head better dreams than the pillow can give it; that the perfuned flower-poke truth when he said: "Thou knowest not that thy gentle heart needs something warmer than blood, and the head better dreams than the pillow can give it; that the perfuned flower-poke truth when he said: "Thou kno

ngue."
And so when Agnes Tracy thought she recog-zed her second self in one of the stronger sex, se gave him, unreservedly, the whole wealth of er affections, won by the honeyed words and

the winning tones which are so common before matrimony, but which, unfortunately for both parties, are generally neglected afterward. She left father, mother, brother, home, friends, all, to become a wife, never harboring a suspicion that the chosen one did not mean all he said, even to loving her better than himself.

one to loving her better than himself.

But Time, that great expounder of mysterics, solver of problems, and the stern teacher whose leasons may not be scorned, brought convictions which also could not well withstand. Gradually the truth dawned upon her that she had married a cold, selfah man, who had been attracted by her personal beauty and accomplishments, and perhaps—but Agnes spured that idea at first—by the considerable property her kind father had made over to her, which he lost no time in puting in a "safe place." Where was her ideal love? Where the earnest saitor, with his looks of tenderness and his words of eloquence? Echo, in mournful, dirge-like tones, repeated, where?

Mrs. Luther was a disappointed wife. Her husband, although not positively unkind, was unloving; and that, to one of her sensitive, susceptible nature, was almost equivalent. He expressed no sympath; in her movements, considered it beneath his dignity to inquire into anything relating to domestic matters, and labored under the common delusion that housework did tineft; and that the care of children (one in arms) was nothing but a pleasure. It wasn't at all likely that his wife was ever tired, so he rarely condeacended to ask her the question, or offered to relieve her of the charge of either of her offspring when he happened to be in the house an hour or two. O, no; Mrs. Luther was undoubtedly mean for iron, or some other material that wouldn't wear out, and, might be on her feet all day, and awake all tight, without any detriment to her physical system. A washerwoman was employed weekly, and what reasonable wife could ask more? If he hired a girt, there'd be nothing left for Mrs. Luther to do, and the probability was that she would either be wearing her clothes out tramping the streets, or else relapse into reprehensible habits of indouence, which ill become a good wife and devoted mother. But we will not detail more of Mr. Luther's ceclothes out tramping the streed, or length of the control of the contro

An asseptiments parent and much difficulty in stilling.

A nervous glance at the stove reminded her that the coal was getting low, and another at the clock that the moments were precious. More fuel had to be brought from the cellar (Mr. Luther always managed to forget that), and so his wife, with aching head and trambling step, was forced to fill the hod, and drag it slowly up the stairs. The fire was too far gone to revive quickly without the aid of charcoal, so a second journey was made below for that article, and after persevering efforts, a fresh blaze was started.

Worried and anxious, Mrs. Luther alternately looked at the clock and the turkey; the hands of the former went round steadily, but the latter seemed not to bake at all. Dinner would inevitably be late, and what would Mr. Luther any? He rarely made any allowances for circumstances, reproached her for neglect, and wondered whys he "didn't punish Josic, when he happened to get a fall, instead of bodying him. Women always went to work the wrong way to do anything, and then when there was trouble, the husband got blamed for it."

The clock struck twelve. Between the track, the first, and the children, the breakfast dishes remained in state yaw. Those were to be laid, the vegetables to be cooked, the pudding to be watched, the first in the parlor to be kindled, and her own toller made for company, in just sixty minutes. Poor Mrs. Luther! she was in an unfavorable situation for entertaining a visitor agreeably. Her temples throbbed with pain, her face was heated and flushed, while her knees bent under her with weakness. And yet she must make an effort to look glad and happy, or her husband would wish, as he had often done, that he had not married a moping, complaining wisit." Ah, it is the little things of life that make our happiness or misery! How much a single kind word would have encouraged the disheartened one—how much joy a sympathic glook would have infasted into her sinking for the make our happiness or misery! How much as ingle kind word would have encouraged the disheartened one—how much joy a sympathic glook would have infasted into her sinking for the man and the three to the had not married a moping, complaining They may be but trifles to you, but they are much, very much to the mother of your children. Deprive her not of them, for they sustain her wonderfully in her wearisome struggle with life's cares.

But we are moralizing, forgetting the while that the fine fow! In the oven has, in return for much, very much to the mother of your children, the past prepared a delicious gravy, seasoned the vegetables t

the kitchen.
"Dinner ready?" was his first inquiry upon

the kitchen.

"Dinner ready?" was his first inquiry upon entering.

"Almost," responded Mrs. Luther, lifting the fowl from the stove to the table.

"Reasted, as sure as I'm alive?" he exclaimed, taking a step forward. "What could induce you to cook it in that way?"

"Why, I took it for granted that you wanted it roasted! You said nothing to the contrary," she replied, with considerable surprise.

"Well, what if I didn't! People boil turkeys, sometimes, as well as bake them, and a change once in a while is desirable. I sha'n't enjoy the dinner a bit. I had set my mind upon boiled turkey—roast you can find at every component of the contrary." I may sorry you are disappointed. If you had told me your wishes, I would have governed myself by them," his wife patiently rejoined, struggling to repress her wounded feelings.

"We can cat it as it is, I suppose. What have you got for pudding!—a batter, I hope—Morris is fond of them, he tells me," added the hushand, in a tone rather more good nate rel.

"No, I have made a very nice plum pudding, sy ous add last week you liked them much beter than batter."

"What if I did! Because one likes beef-

ter than batter."

"What if I did? Because one likes beef-"What if I did? Because one likes beef-steak, it's no sign he wants it every day for dia-ner! It seems to me you have put yourself out to cook the wrong things. But it's always so— I might have known better than to ask company home. Morris never eats plum pudding; I tink I remember leaving him any to."
"But how should I know his likes or dis-likes?" remostrated Mrs. Lather, justly hurt by the ingratitude and captionsness of his last remark.

by the ingratitude and captiousness of his last remark.

"By asking, I suppose; I know of no other way. Now don't distigure your face with crying, I beg of you, Mrs. Luther, for it looks red and blistered enough already. And pray wipe those children's faces, for I wouldn't have Mories see them in that trim for a ten-spot. I don't see what's to prevent you from keeping Josie out of the coal bod. If you had a large family I shouldn't wonder, but as it is, it's a mystery to me," added the affectionate father, lifting Josie from the floor, and seating him in a chair with more force than was necessary; a more-with more force than was necessary; a more-

to me," added the affectionate father, lifting Jose from the foor, and seating him in a chairwith more force than was necessary; a movement that so offended the latter that he set up a loud scream, which the irritated parent endeavence to bush by a blow upon the ear. But as this did not mend the matter, he was forced to turn the child over to his mother, with the consoling remark "that she had ruined him."

And this was "Mrs. Luther's reward for her morning's work; this her compensation for the numberies steps she had taken, the petty trials he had endured, and a sincere desire to have everything performed to her husband's satisfaction. No wonder the sigh would come, and the tear would flow. Not a syllable of commendation for the pains she had taken to please him, not a word of merited praise for her promptions; nothing but fault finding. Her efforts were taken as a matter of course. She was his wife, and these duties devolved upon her, sick or well, weak or strong, and it was the height of folly for her to expect to be pittled and fondled like a spoils child.

Mrs. Luther strove hard to appear calm, and unconscious that anything had happened to occasion disagreable reflections, and succeeded

were taken as a matter of course. She was his wife, and there duties devolved upon her, sich or well, was to strong, and it was the height of folly for her to expect to be pitted and ford did like a spoilt child.

Mrs. Luther strove hard to appear calm, and unconscious that anything had happened to occasion disagreeable reflections, and succeeded far enough to perform her parts a houses with credit. Over-exertion had brought on a fecling of exhaustion, and entirely depriced her of appetite; but she had the gratification of seeing her visitor eat heartily of turkey, and hearing him praise the padding, which Mr. Luther had prophesied so unqualisited by he world so file.

It is not needful to devel upon what transplanted to a brighter sphere. Cholers infinity had done its work, and the beraved partent was left with nothing to love, and no one

sessed far more value in her eyes. But censure was oftener on his lips than commendation, so he contented himself by observing "that the room was full of smoke," in a voice that laid the blame entirely at her door, when in fact the cast wind was at the bottom of the annoyance. All things have an end, and so had the dinner. The two gentlemen shut themselves up in the parlor to smoke (that kind of vapor rarely incommoded Mr. Luther) and converse at their leisure, while the wife, faint, tired and sad, rock-off the barby to sleep, gave Josie something new to play with, and then, without a moment's rest, began the afternoon programme. All the dinner things were to be cleansed and returned to their places, beside sweeping and dusting, chamber-work, etc., which had necessarily been left undone in the morning. When these were as length accomplished, the short winter's day had materially diminished. Mrs. Luther thought of the cravat. Should she sit down and hem it immediately, lest something should happen to prevent her doing it at all! Such had been her intention, but reflecting that there would be quite as much displeasure manifested if the nice cake and light warm bread were not forthcoming at tea-time, with a sigh, deep and bitter, she set herself about making them. Four times she was interrupted in this employment; twice to cok and feed the worrisome babe, and twice to answer a noisy summons at the door.

Half an hour of daylight remained, as Mrs. Luther seated herself by the window, drew up the shade as far as possible, and with one foot on the cravat. It was of quite dark material, obliging be to look a steadily and closely at the stitches. He reyes—never strong—smarted under this continued airsin, and before one side was completed, she was forced to rise and bathe them in cold water. This relieved her somewhat, and lighting a lamp, she returned to beraidly office one side was completed, she was forced to rise and bathe hem in cold water. This relieved her somewhat, and lighting a lamp, she returned to be stickin

inguing of the main-map, in the masse to lean
"Pitch dark, and no light in the house!" was
his ungracious exclamation, as he strode into
the room. "I wish you'd see to things properly, and not oblige a man to stumble round in
this way!"

Mrs. Luther tried to excuse herself, but she

in do but to lay the table.

"That ought to have been done before dark."

"I know it; but I have been buy every minute."

"Undoubtedly," was the busband's sarcastic reply. "You have more to do than any woman I know of. And why you should let that cravat be till this time of day, is more than I know. I suspect, however, if the truth was known, that you are a trifle or more slack, Mrs. Luther. Don't it come as near that as anything?"

The latter made no ryjoinder; not from disrespect, but because her heart was too full to speak. The last stitch was taken, the cravat folded and laid aside, and tes soon on the tabys a few minutes, and in several ways title too suppear to better advantage. But the wife could not so soon forget his harsh, unkind words, so the meal was concluded with very little on either side, after which he dressed himself for an evening's entertainment away from home. He did not tell where he was going, or mention at what hour he should return; but as this was not the first occurrence of the same nature, Mrs. Luther was not surprised, as indeed he would have been, had he spent an entire evening with her. That was something which seldom happened now; she had learned not to expect it. Being too much fatigned to expect it. Being too much fatigned to sew, several long hours of solitary reflection followed. In melancholy mood, she sair rocking slowly until ten o'clock, when Mr. Luther came in. He made a few casual remarks, then took up the lamp and went up tairs, followed by his wife, carrying the youngest child, who, for a day or two, had given indications of illness. The wearied mother gladly sought her pillow, hoping to lose in balmy sleep the consciousness of mental and physical suffering. But the babe was not quiet long; it grew restousness of mental and physical suffering. But the babe was not quiet long; it grew restousness of mental and physical suffering. But the babe was not quiet long; it grew restousness of mental and physical suffering. But the babe was not quiet long; it grew restousness o

to love her. Her former trials sunk into insignificance beside this one great silliction, which
would not let ber be comforted. Now, more
than ever, she yearned for that sympathy which
so ograteful to be chastened and subheted
spirit. But aht where should she look for let
so grateful to be chastened and subheted
spirit. But aht where should she look for let
Mr. Luther was not devoid of fatherly feeling,
but his nature was so unlike hers, that he could
not fathom her deep grief, or appreciate her undying love for her childrun. At distance her
wonst to do, long ago. But this didn't last long;
he soon became the same exacting, fashel shaling
person as of old. One day in his wife's life was
like verey other day—no change, no pleasant
wonit to do, long ago. But this didn't last long;
he soon became the break was an exacting, fashel shaling
person as of old. One day in his wife's life was
like verey other day—no change, no pleasant
wariation to break the weary monotony of her
existence, which became so wholly absorbed in
the remembrance of her bereavement, that he
sainking health rapidly gave way. The brilliancy
of her eyes, the hectic on either cheek, and the
sharp, dry cough, betokened the presence of the
pilliess foe—consumption. Yet the husband
seemed entirely unaware of all this, and so was
quite unrepeared to hear her feebly say, one
morning, "that she felt unable to rise." He
looked carnently at her am moment, then, without
spasking of his purpose, called in a neighbor,
and went for medical aid.

It was too late. She never left her room from
that day, and in less than three mouths was laid
beside her loved ones in Mount Aubarn. In the
judgment of the public, she died of heredilary
consumption; in that of the neighbors, "she
was worked to death," to use the precise t

fair complainant, soon came to believe that she was a very much aggrived individual; for, be it remembered, Mr. Luther had a great store of sympathy for other people's wives, although it has been shown that he had little for the late of the late of the late. The complainant gained her suit, and our gentleman soon after managed to gain an introduction, and finally gained her, which ultimately proved no great gain on either side.

The new wife turned out to be an indolent, sallea, heady sort of a woman, altogether different from her predecessor. She liked going to bed early and getting up late, insisted upon having a cook and waiting girl, and required much attention; thought of her own comfort only, was a deal above sewing on buttons and mending hose. She was willing to make just effort enough to take care of her own wardrobe, and appear on fashionable promenades on pleasant days. Mr. Luther eudeavored to exert his authority, and make the new Mrs. Luther tread in the footsteps of the departed; but to no purpose. It was diamond cut diamond. She met him on his own ground, was as heartless, as self-ish as he. The latter had consulted his own comfort all his life-time—she had done the men; the one meant to continue in so doing—as did the other. If he was obstinate, so was she; if he got angry, she flew into a passion. If Mr. Luther threatened also, and so things went on, matters setting down into a state of generally understood antagonism; while sullen look (if not reriminating words) became the order. Everything went wrong in the kitchen, in his estimation. There was a shameful waste of provision, and a lack of skill and neatness in that department; but if he ventured to remonstrate, he was assailed by the united powers of cook, wife and chambermaid, who called his a meddler, an undignified pryer into affairs that belonged exclusively to women, with numerous reproachita and contemptuous epithets, which ausally forced him to retreat to his own ground.

sively to women, with numerous reproachtail and contemptuous eșithets, which usually forced him to retreat to his own ground.

He grew houghtful and absent-minded. The neighbors aid he was thinking of his deceased wife, and the demon of remoes had gotten hold of him. He was actually seen to look at Mrs. Lather's grave and sigh. He had discovered the difference between a faithful, meek, uncomplaining companion, who gave herself soul and body a sacrifice to his selfishness, and one exactly the reverse. He began to experience the companetions of conscience, which ought to have been felt before; and if he saw his own character in but half of its moral deformity, he was certainly an unbappy man. He lost his flexupue and confident manner, became thin in flesh, had restless nights, and saw the pale, uncomplaining face of the first Mrs. Luther ever before him. He received no sympathy from friends—they knew the internal monitor was dealing justly with the man, and that no remore was too acute for him who abuses the goodness and devotion of a long suffering, patient wife. and devotion of a long suffering, patie

# PARTHE COM TLAG of our UNION. · 中国中国中国

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR

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imprint on the last page.

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to 'Un.

'The Bride,'' verses by Mrs. R. T. Eldradge.

'A Day-Dresm,'' Hose by Charles Morais.

'Fadeless,'' poem by T. B. Wallis. "Change," "The Name of God," "The Dying Girl,"
Lines addressed to I. R. M. 8," "The little one that
ceps," and "To my Native Land."

### SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

SIR JOIN FRANKLIM.

The reported discovery of the remains of Franklin's Arctic expedition, seems to be confirmed by the despatches from Mr. Rae to Sir George Simpson, of the Hadson's Bay Company. Mr. Rae went out in June, 1853, on a land expedition to find some evidences of the fate of Franklin. He returned in August last to York factory, bringing certain information that the expedition lost their ships by being crushed in the ice, while making their way to Fish river, one of the tributaries of Back river, near the out-test of which the parties appear to have perished. The place designated is in about latitude 86, and longitude 99 west from Greenwich. It is nearly seven degrees of latitude south of Wellington Channel, where the last traces of Franklin were found four years ago, in the graves of several of its men, but seen the last traces of Franklin were found four years ago, in the graves of several of its men, but seen the last traces of Franklin were found four years ago, in the graves of several of its men, but of the seven the last traces of Franklin were found four years ago, in the graves of several of its men, but of the seven the last traces of Franklin were found four years ago, in the graves of several of its men, but of the seven the seven the seven the seven that the seven the seven that the

securine just as he was about to abandon his vessel. It was this expedition which demonstrated that the long-sought-for northwest passage was no delusion.

In the same year (1850), an expedition sailed, of four vessels, two steamers and two sailing vessels, under Captain Austin, who investigated the region round and beyond Lancaster Sound. Two other vessels left at the same time, under Captain Penny, on the same expedition. Simultaneously with these, three other expeditions, fitted out by private enterprise, entered Lancaster Sound. One was the American expedition, sent out by Mr. Grinnell; the second a vessel under Sir John Ross; the third one, equipped by Lady Franklin, under Captain Forsyth.

The next expedition (1852), was of five vessels, fitted out under the impression that Franklin had passed through Wellington Channel. The Prince Albert was also sent to explore Prince Regent's Inlet, as half way down that inlet a large depot of provisions had been stored for Franklin, and it was supposed he might have gone down for provisions. The Albert was drifted into Barrow's Strait, but land expeditions sail the intelligence of the Strain of the Stra

THE TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THE TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The New York Commercial Advertiser has devoted a column to an exposition of the advantages to be anticipated from the construction of a transatlantic line of telegraph between the activation of a transatlantic line of telegraph between the activation of the construction of a transatlantic line of telegraph between the activation of the construction of the line across Prince Law and a company was organized in this city, of which Peter Cooper is President, to carry in into operation. They had progressed so far as to lay down a portion of the line across Prince Leward's Island and to send agents to Europe to make purchases of the sub-mainte cable, when it was discovered that it was impossible to construct a battery that would serve a line of more than five or at a history that the precise difficulty was, but it was of an insurmountable character, and hence the negotiations entered into by Mr. Schaffen, the activation of the company, with the respective governments for a right to lay wires from the coast of Norway, by way of the Faroe Islands and Iceland to the coast of Labrador, by which they escape the necessity of the Faroe Islands and Iceland to the coast of Mercase the aggregate length of the cable and the cost of constructing an enterprise the importance of which, in its consequences, cannot be exaggerated.

#### INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

Two hundred pounds of earth were dried in an oven, and afterwards put into a large earthen ressel; the vessel was then moistened with soft water, and a willow tree, weighing five pounds, was placed therein. During the space of five years, the earth was carefully watered with ninvater or pure water. The willow grew and flourished; and to prevent the earth being mixed with fresh earth, or dust blown into it by winds, it was covered with a metal plate, perforated with a great number of holes, suitable for free admission of pure air only. After growing in the earth for five years, the willow tree was removed, and found to weigh one hundred and sixty-nine pounds and about three ounces. The leaves which fell from the tree every autumn were not included in this weight. The earth was then removed from the vessel, again dried in thooven, and afterwards weighed; it was discovered to have lost only about two ounces of its original weight. Thus one hundred and sixty-four pounds of lignin or woody fibre, bark, etc., were certainly produced from the air.

STEAMERS IN FOGS.—An incident is related by the Boston Traveller, which illustrates the danger of running steamers in foggy weather, without sounding a bell or blowing a steam white, as having occurred lately near Boston harbor. Two steamers were making for that port through a dense fog. One of them suddenly ran into a vessel, staving in the bows and turning he roompletely round, when the other steamer, close at hand, struck the same vessel in the stern, with considerable damage.

A FOILED MISCHEAST,—Some miscreant fired a pistol through one of the front windows of the Hon. Henry May's residence on a Sunday evening lately, in Mount Vernon Flace, Baltimore. The ball, which there is reason to suppose was simed at Mr. May, shattered a large glass lamp shade to fragments, and from thence passed to the wall. This is the second attempt at marder in this way, within a week, in that city.

CARRIED AWAY BY ENTHUSIASM .- So great Carried Naxe by Estitusiask.—So great was the feeling manifested on the arrival at Yonkers of Capitain Luce, that it was with the greatest difficulty that the gallant capitain was enabled to reach his home. Some persons even carried their enthusiasms so far, as to attempt to cut the buttons off his coat!

SETERCE COMMUTED —A United States seaman, named Hazzard, was last week convicted by a court martial, on board the North Carolina, of threatening to kill Midshipman Miller, and sentenced to the penitentiary of the District of Columbia for life. The President, however, has commuted the sentence to two and a half years.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—In Winchester, Va., Mr WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—In Winchester, Va., Mr.
John Wysong informs the clitteen that he has
associated with him in the mercantile business,
his daughter Virginia, and that hereafter business will be conducted under the style and firm
of J. Wysong & Daughter.

OVER THE FALLS.—The canal boat, which lodged in the Rapids, near the head of Goat Island, early in the season, left her summer residence lately, since which, nothing has been heard of her whereabouts, she having doubtless taken the final plunge during toe night.

SINGULAR INSURANCE.—Six majestic elm trees, in front of a dwelling in Marlborough, Massachusets, have been insured by their owners, in the sum of five hundred dollars, against loss by lightning or fire.

A MODEHN CRUESUS.—The late Richard Benyan de Beauvoir, of Englefield House, Berks, England, has left, it is said, in real and personal property, upwards of thirty-seven millions of dollars.

THE BITER BIT.—One of the city constables of Bangor, Me., made a seizure of six gallons of brine last week, mistaking the solution for a consignment of contraband liquors.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.—There is no abatement in the popularity of this elegant weekly. A decided improvement is constantly perceptible—its literary character being far in advance of that of any similar publication in the country.—Keystone, Harrisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

At Lisbon the grape disease still existed, and the drought had quite dried them up, at late dates. No man can be provident of his time, that is not prudent in the choice of his company.

Small faults indulged, are little thieves that let in greater.

The Spanish elections have generally gone in

set in greater.

The Spanish elections have generally gone in favor of the ministry.

The balance is the Sub-Treasury, in New York, on Wednesday evening, 26th, was \$6,579,962.

Ganing, like a quicksand, may swallow a man up in a minute.

Counterfeit quarter eagles have been taken at the New York post-office.

L Merle's warehouse on Waster street, N. Y., was damaged \$15,000 by fire and water, recently.

He whose soul does not sing, need not try to do so with his throat.

The coast of Brazil was healthy, Sept. 14—no fiver of any kind prevailing.

The longest railroad on the surface of the globe, is the Illinois Central, which is 731 miles long.

It is better to stop at a high docway, than to ran against a low one.

It is better to stop as a surroun against a low one.

Capt. West, of the Atlantic steamship, has travelled across the ocean 705,000 miles!

Mr. A. T. Wood, the late architect of the new Custom House, in New Orleans, died there lately.

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith the hardened of woman.

The conduction of concentre suppniess is faith in the virtue of woman.

The city of St. Louis has ordered a steam fire engine to be built by Abel Shawk, of Cincinnati.

Rev. Dr. Duff, who visited the United States last winter, is ill of congestion of the brain.

Who was Richard just before he was "himself again?" We pause for a reply.

#### THE AFRICAN LION.

THE AFRICAN LION.

Girard, the lion bunter of the French colony in Africa, gives the following statistics of the damage done to the Arabs in the province of Constantine, by lions — "The life of a lion may be computed to average thirty-five years. The annual destruction of horses, mules, cattle, sheep and camels, by a single saimal, will amount in value to six thousand franes. Therefore, each lion costs the Arabs two hundred thousand francs. The thirty lions which are supposed to be now within the province, and which will be replaced by others from Tunis or Morocco, when exterminated, cost yearly one hundred and eight thousand francs. In the country under the dominion of France, each Arab pays an annual tribute of five francs to the government, and fifty francs to the lions."

#### PARISIAN EXTRAVAGANCE.

PARISIAN EXTRAVAGANCE.

The extravagance in lines articles in Paris is wonderful. There is the imperial handkerchief embroidered in gold and silver; to prevent this embroidery being too dead and heavy, the modistes blend with it as silky cotton, which throws a soft shade around the gold; there is also the violet handkerchief, worked all over with violets in a mother of paral cotton; the medieval handkerchief, with escatcheous and arms; the Francis the First handkerchief, it he Pompadour handkerchief, an assemblage of flowers, arabsques and foliage.

Two Staos KILLED WHILE FIGHTING.—
The Missouri Statesman of the 6th ult. says:
"Recently, while Mr. Nelson Carter and young
Mr. Wm. Keene, of Adrian country, were riding
along the road, they encountered two large deer
(back) engaged in a regular set-to, with their
horns so locked that they could not dietengage
themselves, and therefore fell a prey to William
Keene, who killed them both with his pocket
knife."

knife."

THE BARY Show—A man named Mead, who had twins—or rather whose wife had—and who was an unsuccessfal competitor at the late Baby Show, at Springfield, offers to bet \$200 on his babies against the field, the babies to be shown with the other animals at the National Cattle and Colf Show, at Springfield, on the 27th. He evidently estimates his babies by the pound, as they do calves.

ANOTHER HOAX.—The press was done brown, it appears, by the story that Rec. Anoinette Brown is married. A young lady bearing this name (without the prefix) may have been married to Mr. Merrit, as stated, but the Rev. Miss Anoinette Borom still "roves in maiden meditation, fancy free."

INNOCENCE OF YOUTH.—A little girl, who was in the car that was partially demolished by the accident on the railroad, below Burlington, lately, noticing the alarm created among the passengers, turned to her grandman, who was with her, and said, "are we killed?"

Forderivan Bostos parto in —The Washington, D. C., Star says that \$5000, being a portion of the forfeited bonds in the Vondermikh and Ford pension cases, at Lancaster, Pa., have been paid up, and have gone into the U. S. Treasury.

HARD HIT.—" You are speaking your nat-ural language," said a person who was lately ad-dressing a popular convention to those who were rewarding his efforts with hisses, "you are speak-ing your natural language, Go on, I love to hear you." The disturbance ceased.

A BAPID PASSAGE.—The clipper ship Red Jacket, from Melbourne, was reported off port of Liverpool, 14th ult., having made voyage out and back in five months and days. The Red Jacket was built in Maine.

A Beginning.—The British schooner Que A BEGINNIS.—The British schooler Queen arrived at Portland recently, in thirty-one days from Malaga, with a full cargo of fruit and oil. This was the first cargo of the kind that has ever arrived at Portland direct from Malaga.

INSURANCE ON THE ARCTIC.—The Arctic and in this country for \$310,000—making a tolo of \$600,000, the valuation of the ship.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,

OB. "Notes of Foreign Travel." No. 22, by F. Geba.
"Stokes of Foreign Travel." No. 22, by F. Geba.
"Eldorado," No. 9, by Teoras Belfinger.
"A Day's Leson," a story by Alex B. Neal.
"Lave one snother," poem by JESFY MASSE.
"Lave one snother," poem by JESFY MASSE.
"The Playmath's divare," lines by George W.
"The Playmath's divare," lines by George W.
"The Playmath's divare," a poem by JESFY STORY OF STORY O

rgive one of our illustrations, appropriate to the h. entitled Turkey Shooting, giving a description of abits of the Turkey.

trait of Baron Rothschild, the noted banker of

publishing in the Pictorial.

Status of Goethe the celebrated German philosopher, at Practice to the Structure of General Philosopher, at Practice to the Mannesse.

Also, a view of the Interior of St. George, Bermuda, seen from Super Incell III.

Irishand Distan Fortification and Declyard, Bermuda, seen from Super Incell III.

Irishand Distan Fortification and Declyard, Bermuda, seen from Super Incell III.

Irishand Distan Bruttlenton and Declyard, Bermuda, seen Fortification of Bills Gloss at Wilder Cuttle, England, asken by the British resu the Stita, in India.

Terratin of the intellicity Manufact of New York.

View of the Philoso of the Simperor Nichelas, as St. Pellegreentation of the Nichelas of the Stita Structure of the Nichelas of the Stita Structure of the Nichelas of the Niche

Parlor View in a New York Dwelling-house.

presentations of that brave and warlike people, the
ssians, the constant goad and trouble of the Rus-

# Foreign Items.

Mr. Bentley announces a four shilling edition of Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella." A fire at Memel, Russia, on the 5th ult, de-troyed property to the amount of 5,000,000 thalers.

thalers.

A new telescopic comest was discovered on the 12th ult, by M. Bruhns, at the observatory of Berlin.

Bank of England notes are now signed by machinery, by which a saving of ten thousand pounds a year is effected.

A letter from the late Dake of Wellington written three weeks before his death, is advertised for sale at the price of twenty guineas.

A fleet of sixteen pirate junks in the China Sea has been dispersed, and two of them captured, by a division of American, French, and Portagonera of the piece of the property of the piece of

tuguise vessels.

Prassia and Austria have definitely declined taking any part in the Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, to be held next year at Nearly the whole of the seamen who engaged for special service in the Baltie fleet, with the right to claim their discharge at the end of the present year, have volunteered for continuous service.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

A beautiful woman, if poor, should use a double circumspection; for her beauty will tempt others, her poverty herself.

her poverty herself:

During the bours of regret we recall the image of departed joys, and in weeping over tender remembrances, tears, softly shed, enbalun the wounds of grief.

Words indeed are but the signs and counters of knowledge, and their currency should be resent. The property of the property

strictly regulated by the copical which they represent.

Great minds had rather deserve cotemporaneous applanes, without obtaining it, than obtain without deserving it; if it follow them it is well, but they will not deviate to follow it.

Power, like the diamond, dazdes the beholder, and also time wearer; it dignities meanness; it magnifies littleness; to what is concomptible it magnifies littleness; to what is concomptible it. Modern reformers are not fully aware of the difficulty they will find to make converts, when that period which was of nodly anticipate shall arrive; an era of universal illumination.

The drafts which true genius draws upon posterity, attitiough they may not always be honored to soon as they are due, are sure to be paid with compound interest in the end.

As there are none so weak that we may ven-

compound interest in the end.

As we may venill a compound the compound of the

### Joker's Budget.

'This augers well," as the mosquito said en he settled on a fat man's nose.

when he settled on a fat man's nose.

"Wood is the thing after all," as the man with
the oak leg said when the mad-dog bit it.

Why is a married man like a candle? Because, he sometimes goes out at night when he
oughtn't to.

Why is a married man like a candid? Be-cause, he sometimes goes out at night when he is "O, father, give me ten cente—I want to see the gridy bear—he weight slood tons, and I can see the whole of him for ten cents!" Among the improvements to be adopted in the cottame of the British sublier, helmest are to have a spike on the top of them. Pench thinks that is printing too thus a distribution of the darf patient, at last endeavored to console him with the remark, "that there was nothing worth hearing."

his name changed. He wanted to have it "Chick-en-coop."

At a ball given the other evening, the following note was posted upon the door-post: "Tick-ets fifty cents. No gentleman admitted unless the cums himself-enchantment to the vine," in "Distance lender enchantment to the vine," in "Distance lender enchantment to the vine," in "Distance lender enchantment to the vine," in "Distance lender enchant to the distance to the Josephane and contemplated the distant beauties of Sing Sing.

A witness named Washam was called to the stand to give his testimony. Having taken his place he turned to the bar, before testifying, and earmestly inquired "Which side am I on ?"

If you wish to please people, just sugar and oil their weaknesses. If there is one thing more than another that folks like clear through the short-cominge.

#### Quill and Scissors.

A fire took place in Bridgeport, Conn., on Monday week, originating in a chamber tron. The first notice that the occupants of the house and of the mischief, was the falling of the coals from above upon a bed on which a woman and two children were sleeping. The bed was set on fire, and the children burnt so that they have John Twombly, of township No. 3, Penoh-wot county, Me., committed suicide by easting the county, Me., committed suicide by easting the state of the service of a good farm, free from debt, and a member of the Baptist clurch. He had been laboring for a week or two under mental depression.

The bark Estelle sailed from New York, Oct. and the service of the control of the service of the service of the control of the service of the se

maw; now we have eight steamors here in one day."

In Litchfield poor house, Conn, a girl named Jeanette Barney was choked to death while in a nervous fli, by her room-mate, a woman named wished to end the girl's misery.

The Barnstable Patriot receives accounts from various portions of the district, that the coff sishing business has been quite generally successful during the present year, and will prove more during the present year, and will prove more more during the present year, and will prove more more during the present year, and will prove more more during the present year, and will prove more more during the present year, and will prove more more during the present year, and will prove more more during the present year, and will prove more more during the present year, and the western quay.

Sca, Dumareaq, of Boston, from Canton, is the longest ship that has ever entered the London cock. So he spisst discharged a cargo of teas at the western quay.

A conductor of a far been arrested for pushing a young man named Edward Huntsman from the cars, he being injured thereby so as to cause his death.

Speaking of iron, a Virginia paper says there

his death.

Speaking of iron, a Virginia paper says there is one enough in Montgomery county, in that State, to build a railroad with a double track of heavy T rail, 210 tons to the mile, from Washington eity to Sha Francisco.

A gentieman named Reynolds, who last week back list warks shoot from him, advertised in the warks booth of the works of the works of the works of the works of the warks of the works of the warks of the works of the warks of the wark

watch "could have the key" by calling at his residence.

Mr. Genin has declined the nomination for the office of Mayor, tendered him at a public meeting of citizens not long since. Everybody seems to be in favor of him—except a few hetter.

Tuesday night, the jewelry store of Samuel of nix thousand dollars, the entire stock in the store being carried off by the robbers.

Under the direction of the Department, Lieux. Maxwell Woodhull, U. S. N., is ordered to make sandry experiments, to ascertain the set of the currents on the Long Island coast.

Samuel Drake, the pioneer of the drama in the west, and grandfather of dulia Dean, the action of the store of the department, the same of the grandfather of dulia Dean, the action of the store of the dearn of the forth of the saws in the mills on the Kenduskeag stream, now makes gentle mass for the manufacturers of lumber. The supply of water is rather limited.

Charles Carroll, of Carrolton, a Catholle sign of the Declaration of Independence, is said to contributed \$1,00,000 to the American cause.

The sales of public lands this year will exceed.

cause.

The sales of public lands this year will exceed, 6,000,000 acres—a larger quantity than has been sold in any one year for fifteen or eighteen years. One million five hundred thousand of dollars of the state delse of Ohio has been paid off since the ites of last January. Three will soon be completed at St. Anthony's Falls, a wire su-pension bridge across the Mississippi.

The loss of cotton by the late storms in Texas is eminated at 30,000 to 50,000 bales.

## Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Caldicott, Mr. George H. Hay-len to Miss Elins J. Gleason. By Rev. Mr. Bannister, Mr. Wm. Campbell to Miss Is-tesia E. Boyd. By Rev. L. B. Schwarz, Mr. Adam Vert to Kunigunda Sollum.

A. Nelson.
L. Nelson.
By Hev. Mr. Burlingham, Mr. Andrew J. B. Norerosa
Miss Harrist N. Snow.
By Hev Mr. Smithett, Mr. James H. Owens to Miss
Hisa M. Albert.
By Hev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Absalom Hewes to Mrs. Mary
awless.

awless.

By itev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Charles A. Johnson to Miss uran McGen.

By Rev Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Vernon H. Brown to Miss 'cleinda Carieton.

By Rev. A. L. Stone, Mr. Hiram Matthews to Miss Lu-inda Hannon.

stods Hancen.
At Charlestown, by Rev. Br. Caldiforth, Mr. Andrew J.
At Charlestown, by Rev. Br. Caldiforth, Mr. Andrew J.
At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Laurie, Mr. William J.
Richborton Male H. Anagueti R.P.
Bearras, Mr. Jesse Obborn
on Miss Henrietta F. Royale.
Scarras, Mr. Jesse Obborn
of Miss Henrietta F. Royale.
Mr. Stuton, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. J. R. Lawton to
At Sutton, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. J. R. Lawton to
At Suton, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. J. R. Lawton to
At Subon, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Jest No.
Mr. Schen, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. States, Mr. Millian to Miss Maries
Coldiforaties, Mr. Austin J. Willian to Miss Maries

Maris Goldthwalt; Mr. Austin J. Wilkins to Miss Maris Di Pitxkon.
Di Pitxkon.
Di Pitxkon.
Martin to Mis- Susan M. Hrown.
At Granby, Cl., by Her. Mr. Page, Mr. Moses M. Leonato to Mis- Susan M. Hrown.
At Granby, Cl., by Her. Mr. Page, Mr. Moses M. Leonato to Mis- Susan M. Hrown.
At Granby, Cl., by Her. Mr. Rast, Mr. George H. Helfricht to Mis- Margaret Shauterbeck.
At Odersburgh, N. De Ber. Mr. Stearns, Mr. Henry.
Helpburn to Miss Abbie Sanger, of Sherborn, Maser.

## Deaths.

Al Biockillies, Mrs. Mary M., wife of Mr. John Moore, of escharger, 32.

Mr. Daniel G. Born, 23.

Al Plymonth, Mr. Eille Helmes, 88.

Al Plymonth, Mr. Eille Helmes, 88.

Al Plymonth, Mr. Eille Helmes, 88.

Al Versester, Mrs. Laction Evel of Sendinger, 52.

Al Anderer, Wilson Bornes, 100es, 55.

Al Anderer, W. H., Anterna Evel, 100es, 100

[Written for The Flag of our Union ] ON WITNESSING A MARRIAGE.

An emblem of the marriage tie, Is amply shadowed in this tale As clouds to clouds the sexes fly, Like clouds, at length, must th

lay, too, each hour seem months of c And every month the joy of years; lay no wild passion's chilling breeze Cause them to mourn the change in

But, may their vows be such as give
To human hearts the calm of biles;
And point with shame, to those who live
Unmated in a world like this.

[Written for The Flag of our Union

# THE BIGOT'S REBUKE:

THE RIVAL CLERKS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Mn. DATD MASSINGER was quite a wealthy merchant in a large and thriving inland town. He was a man just turned upon the last half century of his life, and among those who knew him best, he had the reputation of being a very honest man in trade, but at the same time very close and exacting. Those who did not know him so well, were wont to say that he was not always honest. But David Massinger was honest, as the world goes; that is, he would nover do an act of which the law could take cognisance. Beyond this, the least said about the merchant's honesty the better, for there were many people do an act of which the law could take cognisance. Beyond this, the least said about the merchant's honesty the better, for there were many people that had traded with him, who had sinceruly believed that they had made the poorest end of the bargain, and some of them even asserted that bard had been an end of the bargain, and some of them even asserted that his, were men of veracity—men whose words were "as good as sworn bonds" at any time—a circumstance which was very unfortunate for the merchant, seeing that he wished to retain the good opinion of all the citizens. But then Mr. Massinger was a church-member—a regular the good opinion of all the citizens. But then Mr. Massinger was a church-member—a regular communicant, and a professor; and no man in the town made more show of his religion, or made louder and longer prayers. Every one knew how much religion he professed, for he made the matter very public.

Mr. Massinger employed two clerks in his store, and they were both of them about the same age. John Lowdon had been with the merchant the longest, having been a member of the family nearly ten years. He was a young man, now some three-and-twenty years of age, and he professed the same religion as did his master. In face the belonged to the same ember of the family nearly ten years. He was a young man, now some three-and-twenty years of age, and he professed the same religion as did his master. In face the belonged to the same them, and partook at the same communion table. He real points of his character. If life had originally any had traits, they might have possibly been eradicated under proper treatment, but in at templing to follow after the example of David

any oan traits, incy might nave possibly ocen-eradicated under proper treatment, but in at-tempting to follow after the example of David Massinger, he had learned only to conceal and assume; so he talked as much religion as did his master, and could pray almost as fluent and as long.

assume; so he talked as much religion as did his master, and could pray almost, as fluent and as long.

The other clerk was one Henry Hooper, the child of a worthy mother, and whose father had been dead many vaers. He was a very intelligent, active, enterprising young man, and Mr. Massinger kelp thim in his employ, at a fair salary, because people loved to trade with him, and because he was really a very trustworthy and faithful young man. Yet the merchant had never been able to see that young Hooper had any religion. He did see that the young clerk was kind, steady, industrious, and strictly mornal, and every body seemed to love him, but he had not been able to detect any signs of what he thought to be religion. David Massinger also had a daughter,—abright-eyed, laughter-loving, joyous girl of nine-teem. Her soul was big with all that is kind and good, and her heart was made for peace and love and good will. She was often in the store, and she often saw Henry Hooper both at the store and at her father's house. She often spoke with him. The first time hes teyoke with him. The first time hes beyoke with him. The first time hes beyoke with him alone, she trembled, and her eyes instinctively fell to the floor. The next time he met him in social converse, the color of her check was brightened, and her light rembled while she spoke. After this, Adolia Massinger became acquainted with Henry's widowed mother, and she used to go there to her house to visit her, and often she would meet the son three.

Two such hearts could not long commune together without migning into one. Those hearts

and often she would meet the son there.

Two such hearts could not long commune together without mingling into one. Those hearts did fall into the crucible of love, and they were melted together. The seal of affection was set; and the word was spoken. They not only loved but each to the other had confessed the love, and happiness came to bless them.

"Adelia," said the stern father, as he sat alone with his daughter one evening, "I have a question to ask you, and I wish that you should answer it ruly. Do you not love lenery Hooper."

The mailten was startled at first, not alone by the question, but mostly by the maner in which it was asked. But she answered distinctly in the affirmative.

"Yes, father, he has."
"And what was your answer?"
"That I loved him in return, and most tru""Une true the noble girl.
The old man bent down his head, and laid his
ands firmly upon his knees.
""Adelia," he at length said, "you have done

very wrong. Ido not think that Henry Hooper can make you a proper husband..... very wrong. I do not think that tenny thooper can make you a proper husband.— Stop— you need not speak. I know what you would say. I had hoped that your choice would have fallen upon John Lowdon."

The fair girl shuddered as though she had seen a snake when she heard this, and without

The fair girl shuddered as though she had seen a snake when she heard this, and without fear, she replied:

"Is it possible that you have allowed yourself to think that I could love John Lowdon!"

"And may I presume to ask why you should not love him?"

"Simply because there is nothing about him that is worthy of my love."

"What!" schood the parent, in astonishment. "Nothing about him worthy of your love? Is he not one of the most active members of our church? and does he not maintain a religious character among all who know him?"

"That may all be, but where is his religion? Ab, father, I fear it is an outside show. In is heart he has none of it at all. He wears his profession about him as a cloak; and it serves to hide from the world a soul that is lone and loreless."

liter iron use involved to the control of the contr

"Adelia, go to your room. I will speak again on this subject."

again on this subject."

The maiden left the room, and the merchant was left alone. He had also repuised the poor woman of whom his child had spoken. "O him she had applied for succor, and he had turned her empty away. He knew that she was worthy and suffering, and yet out of his bounty had he refused even the two mites that the poor widow gave. He could not but reflect upon the circumstance, and the more he reflected, the more uncomfortable he became, so he stopped thinking and took up his evening's newspaper, and commenced reading the report of the stockmarket.

On the next morning Mr. Massinger called

On the next morning Mr. Massinger called Henry Hooper into his counting-room.

"Henry," he said, with a very solemn look and tone, "I wish to ask you a few very important questions. In the first place! wish to know what is the state of your mind upon the subject of religion."

The young man looked first surprised, and then pained, and a very close observer could have discovered a curl of just contempt about the corners of his mouth and upon his lips.

"Mr. Massinger," said Henry, somewhat proudly, but yet sincerely and respectfully, "my religion is not a thing to be talked about. It lies between myself and my God. If you have not seen it, then I can tell you nothing of it."

The merchant was considerably perplexed by this answer. It was a nort of new idea to him.
"Do you attend church, regularly?" he at length asked.
"Of course I do," Henry replied.
"And why?"

"Because I love to. Because I enjoy the religious exercises."

"And why!"

"Because I only the Ecause I enjoy the religious exercises."

"What meeting do you attend, principally!"

"What! Do you believe in that doctrine!"

"I do."

"And do you consider yourself safe in such a course?"

Safe from what? The wrath of God."

"The wrath of God."

"That, sir, is a shipect upon which I never think. I simply obey God's laws as I understand them; I take Christ for my guide, and the nearer I can approach to the standard of life which my Saviour lived, the more joyous and happy I feel. I can only hope to love my God and my Saviour, to love my fellow-men, and to do unto others as I would that others should do unto me. The rest I leave with my God, sincerely trusting that he will not forsake me in my infirmity."

infirmity."

"Henry Hooper," resumed the merchant, after moments of conflicting thought, "you "Henry Hooper, resumed the merchant, after ome moments of conflicting thought, "you have made an avowal of love to my daughter." "Yes, sir, I have," the youth returned, with

have made as avone as a volume returned, with considerable emotion.

"Yes, sir, I have," the youth returned, with considerable emotion.

"Then let me tell you what I will do. The girl loves you, and I would not see her unhappy. Join my church and attend meeting with me, and she shall be yours. "You may think of this, and give nee an answer at your leisure."

"I shall need no time, sir, to entertain such a proposition," quickly answered Henry, with a flushed cheek, and a burning eye. "I cannot listen to such a thought for a moment."

"Then you refuse!"

"Yes, sir. I do refuse to sell my soul for any barter. My religion, sir, is my highest source of earthly loy, and if ever I take to my bosom a wife, the presence and operation of that religion shall be the very anchor of my domestic joy. No sir. Were I to sell my religion for a wife, then I should have no soul worth a wife's possessing."

for a wife, then 1 should have no soul worth a wife's possessing."

"Very well," attered the merchant, with an ineffectual attempt to appear calm. "You have given me your answer, and now you shall have mine. Adelia Massinger shall not be your wife. Remember that, and govern yourself accordingly. That will do, sir. You can go about your work."

Henry left the counting-room with a howed head and a trembling lip. But he remembered Adelia's love, and he remembered, too, how

"Adelia, Henry Hooper can never be your

husband."

The maiden looked up into her father's face, and an ashy pallor overspread her features. But the color sone came again, and in a trembling tone she saked:
"Why not, father?"
"No matter why. It is my will."
"But I have a right to know the reason for your decision."
"I have present

"But I have a right to know the reason for your decision."

"I have reason enough. A child of mine shall not marry with an Infide!"

"An Infide!? What do you mean "' exciaimed the girl, perfectly astounded. "Henry Hooper is not an Infide!."

"He is just the same to me. He has no fear of God'a power at all."

"Perhaps you misunderstand him," returned Adelia, feeling strong in the work of defending her lover. "He does not stand in any dread of God, and why should he? He does what he believes to be right. He obeys God's laws, and he finds them pleasant and easy. He loves his God instead of dreading him."

"Girl, beware! Look out that you do not break my heart by losing your own soul upon be same subtle quicksand of infidelity."

"I will answer for my soul, and as far as your heart is concerned—if you can thus calmly consign me to lasting misery, I do not think it will easily break. I love Henry with my whole soul."

"But he shall not be your husband, neverthe-

"But he shall not be your husband, neverthe-

"But he shall not be your husband, neverthe-less. I am determined—"
"Stop," interrupted the fair girl, with a quick, decided manner. "Do not say too much, for I shall choose peace rather than misery, and if I cannot find it beneath your roof, I shall—"She heaitsted in her speech, for she remembered that she was speaking to ber parrent. She had been urged on by her warm love and impulsive instinct to resist wrong; but she would not willingly say too much to her father.
"Go on," said the merchant, with a look and tone of contempt.

"Go on," said the merchant, with a look and tone of contempt.

"No, father, I will say no more. But I hope you will not blast my every hope of happiness here on earch."

As she spoke this, she bowed her head and burst into tears. Her parent chose to say no more at that time, and the subject was dropped. Adelia knew that it was the settled plan of her father that she should marry with John Lowdon, but she had made up her mind that she would never do such a thing. Further than this she wanted time to reflect.

she wanted time to reflect.

One morning about a week subsequent to the interviews just recorded, Mr. Massinger discorded that he had been robbed of five hundred dollars. He had been robbed of five hundred dollars. He hastened to his ledger and found that all was right there, but yet the money was gone from the safe. He called John Lowdon one side, and told him of the circumstance. The confidential clerk was autounded, or, at least, he pretended to be, and he wondered how such a sum could have been taken without detection, as the safe was beneath the desk in the counting-room, and always kept locked ance when something was to be taken out or returned by those who had legal access to it.

"But it may have been taken by some one who have legal access to it.

"But it may have been taken by some one who have legal access to it.

Lowdon gazed down upon the floor for a moment, and then he said, while a peculiar expression appeared in his eye.

"So do I think it was. You must not think hard of me, sir, if I speak my mind freely."

"Of course not. Go on," said Mr. Massinger, his countenance brightening, as he spoke, who to now," resumed the clerk, after he had apparently reflected for a moment. "I will not speak my suspicions at present, but we will wait. I may gain some further light."

"But it is my command that you speak now."

"Then I cannot refuse, sir, though it will plan me to speak what I fare is the truth. Ab,

"Not now. I would rather wait."

"But it is my command that you speak now."

"Then I cannot refuse, air, though it will pain me to speak what I fear is the truth. Ah, my good master, I would rather hush this matter up—only justice demands that the truth should be known. I fear that Henry Hooper is the guilty person."

"Justiny mind, exactly," uttered the merchant, with a sort of exultant look. "But now what grounds have you?"

"I have seen Henry have large sums of money lately."

"But this must have been all taken within a very few days," "Yes, but listen. Night before last I saw Henry enter the drinking and gambling saloon at the lower end of this street, and I was told by one in whose veractify I have the fullest confi-dence that he was up in the secret chamber at the gaming table!"

"I is It possible!" exclaimed the merchant, in pure astonishment; for with all his fears respec-ing the young man, he was not prepared for this.

"It is not only possible, sir, but it is true. I know Henry was at the gaming table night before last, and he was there very late, too. And I can tell you more. He was seen staggering through the stretts with a drunken companion."
"It is you are sure is true, John!"
"I can prove it, sir. Though I should trust that my word would be sufficient. I had meant never to have revealed this, and I should not have done so but for present circumstances."
"Of course I do not doubt you, John. Only the news was so astounding. But I might have expected it. Keep this to yourself for the present

"Of course I do not doubt you, John. Only the news was so astounding. But I might have expected it. Keep this to yourself for the pres-ent. We will watch him and see that he does not spend the money."
"If he has not already gambled it away," sug-gested Lowdon.

"I will go at once and see the keeper of this saloon," said Massinger, with a groan; for the idea of losing his money came more heavily upon him than did the thought of Heary's ain. "O that would be of no use," quickly returned Lowdon,—"no use in the world, for those gamblers are under the most solemn oaths to keep each other's secretts. You could gain nothing from them, but they would rather deny the whole."

"Year well," resumed the merchant, after a thoughtful passe. "Then let us watch him narrowly, and something may turn up to convict him. Keep your eye upon him, and mark all his movements; and watch him too as he goes to dinner; and this afternoon we will send an officer to search his trunks at his dwelling."

At that moment there was a quick movement just outside the door of the counting-room. Mr. Massinger heard it, and he opened the door and looked out. His daughter stood at some distance looking at some allks which lay upon the counter.

counter.

"Adelia, where have you been !" he sternly saked.

"Down to Mrs. Russell's to see about my new dress, and I want some more trimming for it," she replied.

"Have you heard what we have been talking

oreas, and I want some more trimming for it," she replied.

"Have you heard what we have been talking about 1"
"Why "Who 1"
"John and myself."
"I have just come here, sir."
"Yory well—wait a moment, and I will get what you want."
Adella had just come there, but still she decived her father, for she had in reality heard nearly all that they had said.

Mr. Massinger and John went about their business as though nothing plan happened, save that they both watched the movements of Henry Hooper with more than common interest—the former regarding him eagerly and suspiciously, while the latter looked at him askance, and servined nervous and uneasy. Once or twice Henry noticed the look of his semployer, but he gave it to another cause. He noticed also the furtive glances of Lowdon, and these, he thought, were the result of jealousy. He little dreamed of the plot that was being hatched up against him.

At an early hour that evening, Mr. Massinger went to the house of a justice to have a warrant issued for the apprehension of Henry Hooper, but the justice was not at home, and he called on the constable, whom he found readily. The constable promised that he would see the whole business attended to that night, and with his assurance the merchant went home. He at first intended to speak to his daughter on the subject of Hooper's crime, but after some reflection, he concluded to wait until the business was all settled.

The evening was pretty well advanced. Mr. The evening was pretty well advanced. Mr.

concluded to wait until the business was all settled.

The ovening was pretty well advanced. Mr. Massinger was sitting at his table trying to read, Adelia was upon the sofa pretending to be working a bead pure, but a mere casual observer could have seen that she took no stitches,—her hand tembled too much for what. John Lowdon sat opposite to his employer, and was looking at the pictures in a new book.

Just as the clock struck nine, the door-bell rang, and Adelia stated to answer the call. She hastened to the door, and when she returned she was followed by two men.

"Ah, Mr. Sanderson," uttered the merchant, starting to his feet, "you have done the business, then?"

starting to his feet, "you have done the business, then ?"

"You see I have brought the youth of whom you spoke," returned Mr. Sanderson, who was the constable upon whom Massinger had called. "Yes, Mr. Massinger," added Henry Hooper, stepping quickly forward, his face flushed, and his yess sparking, "I have come. I have just learned, sir, what a crime you have tried to fasten upon me. O God, forgive you for the injustice. I did not dream that you would thus try to rain me."

"I would not rain you, Henry," replied Massinger, considerably moved by the touching con and manner of the youth. "If there is any rain, it is you who have rained yourself. I have been robbed of five hundred dollars, and there are circumstances connected with your recent course which are very suspicious, to say the least. I do really hope you may make them all appear right."

do really hope you may make them all appear right."

Now Mr. Massinger had some power of reading character from the human countenance, and he could not but own to himself that Henry's face was by no means an index to anything bad. His sympathy, too, had become most strangely moved in the young man's favor within the last two minutes. The veryfistes glance of Henry's eyes, overflowing as they were with imploring and forgiveness, sent a thrill to his soul, and on the instant the bope came to him that the guilt might not rest where he had feared.

"Stop a moment," said the constable. "Miss Massinger knows the most about this affair, and to save time and words, I hope she will explain it as she understands it."

"What I Adelia "You know about this?" uttered the merchant.
"Yes, father," said the maiden, trembling.

"What! Adelia? You know about this?" uttered the merchant.
"Yes, father," said the maiden, trembling.
"But what! How?"
"I will tell you," replied the girl, gaining confidence. "I did hear all that was said in the counting-room this morning, and I understood it all then, but I could not explain at that time. Mr. Lowdon told you that Henry Hooper had had considerable money lately. So be has, sir. You pay him a good salzey, and he wastes none of it. He also told you that Henry was in the gaming saloon, at the gaming saloon, at the gaming table, and that late at night he was seen staggering home with a drunken companion."
"I did say so," stammered John Lowdon,

with a drunken companion."
"I did say so," stammered John Lowdon,
who had turned very pale, "and I can prove is

on the face of Henry Hooper there was

Upon the face of Henry Hooper there was a look of pity and contempt. He would have spoken, but Adelia interrupted him.

"Ay," she continued, shaking her small white finger at John Lowdon, "you can prove it, but that is not all you can prove. You can prove that he went there to get away one of his poor schoolmates from that sink of iniquity. A poor schoolmates from that sink of iniquity.

youth, the only child of a widowed mother—had falten into the path of evil, and Henry would save him. For that purpose he went to the gaming house. He found that the minguided man had gone to the hazard table, and thither he went after him, and after much persuasion he drew him save. The poor fellow was much intoxicated, but yet Henry took him by the arm and fed him home. All this I knew on the very next morning after it happened, and I had it from the lips of the widowed mother of the sinful youth. And you knew it, too. O, John Lowdon, where do you expect forgiveness for such beardless sins !"

If did not know all you have spoken," said
Lowdon, trembling more and more.

"You knew enough, at all events, to know
"You knew enough, at all events, to know youth, the only child of a widowed mo fallen into the path of evil, and Her

heartiess sins?"

"I did not know all you have spoken," said Lowdon, trembling more and more.

"You knew enough, at all events, to know that you were speaking the basest falsebood. You knew why Henry went to the gaming house, for Lyman Butler told you."

The false, base clerk would have stammered out some reply, but before he could do so, Mr. Massinger spoke to his suspected clerk.

"Henry," he said, "I am going to sak you a question, and I shall now believe you will assever me truly. Do not be offended. Did you take any of the money which I have lost?"

"Mr. Massinger, I did not," was the young man's simple, honest reply.

"Have you any idea of where it went to?"

"That is a question I would rather be exented from answering, now," replied Henry, premptly, but yet modesily.

"Very well—but you will answer at some time?"

time?"
"I will."
"I bell."
"Then, Mr. Sanderson," resumed the merchant, turning towards the officer, "I withdraw my complaint, and you may a once set Mr. Hooper at liberty."
"O, sir," returned the constable with a smile, "he is perfectly free now. I have had no writ yet for him."
"Then how comes this?" asked Massinger, in survrice.

"" Then how comes this?" asked Massinger, in surprise.

"I came here for another purpose," said Sanderson. "Your money, sir, is safe."

"Safe?" uttered the merchant, springing to his feet.

"Safe?" asped John Lowdon, turning dead, by pale, and sinking back into his chair.

"Yes, and even here, your own daughter camake an explanation.

Massinger sat down again, and gazed inquiringly upon Adelis, and after some hesitation, she said:

"Yes, father. I have helped to find your money, and I will tell you how."

At this moment, John Lowdon arose from his chair and approached the door.

"Stop, stop, my young friend," said the officer, moving quickly towards him.

"Ot, stop and hear Miss Massinger's story, and then, perhaps, you can have company. Sit down again, sir."

Lowdon sat down, and Adelia continued:

"A few evenings since I was in at the house of Mrz. Justin, who, you know, was married only a few months since. She told me that John Lowdon was going to make a venture—he was going to send out part of a cargo of goods to California; and she also told me that John Lowdon was going in with him. After this she remembered that her husband had told her not to speak of Lowdon's connexion with him in the business, as Lowdon was very anxious that the business, as Lowdon was very anxious that the don was going in with him. After this she remembered that her husband had told her not to
speak of Lowdon's connexion with him in the
business, as Lowdon was very anxious that the
matter should be kept secret. I promised her
that I would any nothing about it, nuless there
should be something wrong in it. I knew that
John had no money to place in such a venture,
and when I learned that you had lost five hunddred dollars, I at once suspected the truth.
When I found that you talked of having Henry's
house searched, I went at once to Mr. Sanders
on, and told him the whole story. He can reliyou the rest."
"Yes sir, and in a very few words," said the
constable, as he saw that Mr. Massinger had
looked towards him. "I went at once to Mr.
Justin and told him the story, and also that
Lowdon was trying to fasten the crime upon
lenny Hooper. He then confessed to me that
John Lowdon gave him five hundred dollars last
received it. You can examine it, sir, and see
if you recognize any of it."

As Sanderson spoke, he drew a roll of bills
from his pocket and handed them to the
merchant. The latter examined them all, and
then, with a painful expression of countenance,
he said:
"These are mine—every one of them—the

then, with a painful expression of countenance, he said:

"These are mine—every one of them—the very ones I lost."

"These you know the thief."

"Then you know the thief."

But he old merchant made no reply. He only looked at John Lowdon, and then he bowed his head. It was not pure grife that moved him. He was pained and mertified, and in his own soul he felt humbled. When he did speak, it was to his other clerk:

"Henry," he said, extending his hand, "forgive me for the injustice I have done you. We will speak of this again."

"Now," said Sanderson, arising and putting on his hat, and turning towards Lowdon, "yea may go out."

"O save me, save me!" gasped the b coward, cringing from the officer and trembl

coward, cringing from the officer and trembling like an aspen.
"You must go with me now," resumed the officer, "for I have a warrant, and I must serve it. There is no use of begging, for it wont do any good. Come." So John Lowdon was led from the room, and after he was gone, Adelia fell upon her father's neck and wept, for the excitement had been too much for her.

That night Mr. Massinger had plenty to think That night Mr. Massinger had plenty to think of, and long after he had gone to his bed did he lie awake and ponder upon what had passed. It began to see the mere profession of religion is a new light, for the facts of every-day life which had so long escaped his notice were now brought directly home to him, and were forced upon his

consideration. Perhaps he reflected some upon the state of his own heart, and if he did, he must have found some things that did not speak very well for his religious incentives.

On the next morning Henry came to the store as usual, but he did not prepare for work. When Mr. Massinger came, the young man followed him into the counting-room, and having closed the door he said:

"I have come this morning, Mr. Massinger, to ask for some settlement of the relation which has existed between us that shall be mutually satisfactory. It must be evident to you, as to me, that we had better separate for the future. My habits do not suit you, and whill accept of a situation which has been often to red, as the chart of the control which will must be evident to you, so the chart with must be evident to you, so the chart of the compared to me, you can find some one of your own which will be compared to the future. My habits do not suit you, and will—"store to me, you can find some one of your own chart, with much emotion. "You must not leave me. Let the past be forgotten, and for the future you shall find no cause for complaint. I have been wrong—I freely admit it, for I have been brought to see it. I will own that I have been brought to see it. I will own that I have been brought to see it. I will own that I have been brought must more. I have thought much upon this subject during the last week, had I feel that every rebute. I have spoken to you of religious matters, and harshly, too, but I shall trouble you no more. I have thought much upon this subject during the last week, had I feel that it.—only stop with me."

Henry looked down upon the floor and was incoming the merchant, laying his hand upon the youth's shoulder. "If you refuse me I shall have nother recours of which was a flection and will not some that warranted his sincerity.

Say that you will stay with me," resume the merchant, laying his hand upon the youth's shoulder. "If you refuse me I shall have nother recours but to send Adelia to plead with you. She might

not." The young man started and raised his head. He could not mistake the meaning of those words. The tone and manner in which they were spoken told plainly what they meant. "Will you stay and be my right hand man and bo

and bosom friend i"
"Yes—yes."

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Herry Hooper did stay with Mr. Massinger, and in a few short mouths afterwards he led Adelia to the altar. He was happy, but he was not much happier than was the father of the blushing, joyous bride. He had now thrown off he last link of the chain that had bound his mind to bigotry and prejudice, and he had found that he was a better and happier man. He had learned that the religion which is of God is that which can be letter and the piper man. He had learned that the religion which is of God is that which can be intered and worked, and which men show in their every-day life and acts instead of in their Standay prayers and load professions.

John Lowdon was not tried for the offence that he had committed. He acknowledged the crime, and so hard did he beg to be let off from the disgrace of trial and imprisonment, that Mr. Massinger withdrew the complains, and the evil-disposed youth left the place and shipped on board an Indianan.

The widow's son, he whom Henry led from the gaming house—went back no more to his infamy, but following the advice and example of his noble preserver and friend, he sought honorable employment, and soon became the support and joyfal pride of his saged mother.

THE THEORY OF CHANCES.

### THE THEORY OF CHANCES.

THE THEORY OF CHANCES.

It is singular how even chance, as well as everything else, is subject to the fixed, unchange-able laws of nature. Thus the average number of births or deaths in a State or city, is nearly the same, one year with another. The number the same, one year with another. The number of the same, one year with another. The number of usually corresponds closely with the number of those who died in the previous corresponding term of years. The comparative number of houses burned, or of ships lost each year, in ordinate with the same of th

THE IRISHMAN'S BARN.

An Irish farmer once had a dispute with his landlered about a barn, and he could not come to a settlement with him, so he resolved to have a lawyer's adure; accordingly he proceeded to have a lawyer of adure; accordingly he proceeded to the stated his case. After posteting his fee, the lawyer told him that in the eye of the law his barn was forfeited, but if his landlord was not an austere man, to offer him an equivalent, and get two arbitrators and an umpire to put the matter in ratio of conclusion.

The hadron of the control of the farmer, and the had seen the learned man, who told him, that, "in the eye of the law his barn was mortified, but if his landlord was not an oysterman to offer him an elephant, and get two cars of potators and a trumpeter to set the matter in a train of confusion.—Bet-drive Eagle.

The green book of nature is fragrant with in-umerable odors, and jubilant with myriad melo-cle. Every leaf of it is impressed with the ower and heneficence of God. To the discer-ng, it has perpetual tessons of health, wisdom, you, beauty and inspiration. Study it, whoever how arr, whose lot is east where its verdure and lossom anfold under the breath of summer.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]
BEAUTY'S, LIKE A TENDERS FLOWER.

BY J. ALFORD.

Beauty's like a tender flower,
That doth quickly fade and die;
Drooping in that very hour
That 'tis plucked to please the eye!
Time will this sad truth disclose,
In the lily and the rose.

Flors, fairest of the fair,
Did entrance each village swain
Love did yield her smiles and air,
And each grace was in her train
Love is now forever flown,
And the gentie graces gone!

She who can of beauty boast, Claims the lovely month of May; But that month must soon be lost, Soon like shadows, pass away. Time will come, and winter bring; Just as summer follows spring.

Let us then improve the mind, That's a gem of pollah bright; In that gem a rock we find, Sustaining us in Death's dark night. This attends us to the tomb, And with lustre gilds the gloom.

#### [Written for The Flag of our Union.] KATIE'S PRAYER.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

In was a wretched home for one whom even a passing observer could see had been born for better things—our expression is an erroneous one, for we believe that none were created for want and misery—but we mean that in the faded, acra-worn looking woman that was gazing anxiously from the door of their hovel, there was a cretain air of intelligence and refinement that gave evidence she had seen better and happier days.

gave entonces no had seen better and napper days.

The winter's wind was whistling loud and shill, but she seemed to heed it not, although her seanty garments formed but a slight protection from the chilling breeze. Long and earnestly she gazed, as if expecting to desery some fa-miliar object in the dim distance before her, but the shades of night were fast gathering around her, and weary and disappointed, she closed the door and returned to the little ones that awair-sh her.

It was a sight that would have saddened the

ed her.

Is was a sight that would have saddened the most thoughtless heart, to see the suffering little creatures vainly endeavoring to warm themselves by the blaze of a few chips that they had collected through the day. It was easy to see from their half-familished countenances and shivering forms, that cold and hunger had already entered the miserable dwellings, and a glance at a little cot upon which lay the eldest born, a lovely girl often years old, showed but too plainly that death would soon follow in their train.

Need we say that this was a drunkard's home—that the heart stricken wife and mother who now clasped her babes wildly to her heart, and called upon the God of the fatherless to protect them, had once stood at the alar a happy maiden—the only and idolized daughter of a widow-d mother, and had plighted her faith to him who had won her young affections, and whom he believed to be most worthy of her love. And so would he have proved, had not the fatal poison passed his light. There were a few short years of domestic happiness and peace, and then arose the cloud, small and almost mobserved at first, but gradually and fearfully increasing, until the whole sky was overcest with its blackness. Step by step did Henry Waldron pursue the downward path, and gradually did his family decline from their position in society, until the became that revolting object from which we turn in disgutt—a common drunkard; and those whom he once loved and cherished, now perishing with cold and hunger, called a miserable shanty their home.

Bravely had Margaret Waldron borne her trials, tenderly had she clung to him who had thus rewarded her self-denying affection. Thankfully did she stand by her fond mother's death-bed, and close her eyes with a sort of despairing joy, that she was removed ere the knowledge of the misery of her dariing child had come upon her. This was in the commencement of her troubles, but too clearly Margaret saw the ruis that must follow. Yet there that been, at times, glances of sunahine, when fall

fall of love and penitence, the husband and factore would turn to those whom he had so cruelly wronged, and awaken hopes, which were, alas, too isoon dashed to the ground.

Four children had been born to them. The eldest, little Katie, remembered well the happiness of former days, and bitterly did she feet the misery and degradation of their present life. Loving and thoughtful beyond her years, she had become to her mother a companion and adviser, as well as a dutiful child, and even the misguided father would gaze fondly upon her sewect face, and sometimes weep, as he turned from her gentle pleadings that he would stay with them, and not go to those had places any more. But the demon which had gained such full possession, still beckoned him on, and still he obeyed, until reformation seemed to be a delusive phantom, that could no more comfort the desponding heart.

The means of subsistence which the poor wife carned by incessant labor at her needle, were frequently taken from them to farnish the stimulas craved by his depraved appetite; for not even the cries of his little ones for bread awaken-mine the control of the control of

ca a removed in reamy, unit as sourcing units was appeared.

One by one the friends of other days had left them until they were alone in their misery, No, not alone. The God of the fatherless still watched over them, and he, without whose care not even a sparrow falleth to the ground, could cause light to spring even out of this thick darkness.

cause light to spring even our darkness.

About a week previous to the commencement of our story, Henry Waldron, who had for two or three days been anusually sober, left his home early one evening, and proceeded toward the

usual scene of his drunken carousals. Sadly did Margaret watch his retreating form, but she knew that opposition was useless. A few hours employment had been obtained, that day, and the few shillings thus carned, were now to be expended for the fatal poison which transforms men to fends.

With a deep sigh the poor wife resumed the employment which her husband's departure had for a moment interrupted, but she again looked up as Katie hastily threw a faded shawl around her and prepared to follow her father.

"It is useless, my child. Do not go. You are far from well, and the night air will chill you to the heart. Stay within, dear Katy."

"I may persuade him to come back, or at least to give me part of the money to buy bread. I mustgo, dear mother. Please say I may."

"Do as you will, my child, and may our heavenly Father bleat you," was the reply, and quickly Katie gidded from the house and walked rapidly in the well-known path.

But her father had, anticipated and dreaded her purvais, and turning off from his usual route, rendered her search vain. Finding her task hopeless, she turned toward home, weary and diapopinted. Occupied with her own sad thoughts, she searcely heeded her steps, until she ran against a benevotent looking geutleman that was proceeding in the opposite direction.

"You must take heed to where you are going, my little girl," he said kindly, as Katie looked up and apologized for her carelessness. "But why are you abroad at all, this cold night! You are but thinly clad."

"I am going home now, sir," was the simple reply. "I have been looking for father, but I cannot find him."

"And where has he gone, my child? and why do you wish to find him "aked the stranger, interessed by the care.

cannot find him."

"And where has he gone, my child 1 and why
do you wish to find him 1" saked the stranger,
interested by the sweet countenance and gentle
manner of the little maiden.
His words invited confidence, and it was soon
given. Katie poured forth all her gritfe, and
her new friend listened with sympathizing
attention.

given. Katie poured forth all her griefs, and her new friend listened with sympathizing attention.

"Can you not persuade your father to join the temperance society!" he asked, as she paused in her story.

"Mother has tried often, long ago, sir, but it was no use, and now it is too late for that."

"O no, my child, it is never too liste. Try again, when he is quite sober, and is speaking kindly to you, as you say he often does. Here is my card. Bring your father to me and I will give him a pledge. If he will but sign his name to that, we may yet save him. Now tell me your number and run home, for it is too late and cold for you to be abroad."

"Our house has no number. It is one of those little shanties just beyond the town. You will know it by the gireen door."

"Very well, Katile. Good night. You shall hear from me again, but try to bring your father to me, if you can."

"I will try, sir. Good-night," and with a lighter heart Katie went on her way.

Even in her dreams the counsel of the stranger was in her freams the counsel of the stranger was in her mind. Her mother had only wept in her despair, when the conversation had been repeated to her, but Katie was younger, and hope was more buoyant in her heart.

Eagerly did she wait on the following day until her father aroused from the heavy sleep into which he had fallen on his return at a lato hour the preceding night. Even more gently and lovingly than usual, did she exert herself to make him comfortable, when he was at length aroused. Their little store of provisions being unusaally scant, ashe had saved nearly all of her own portion to give him a plentiful meal.

Almost passively the miserable man allowed her to remore his soiled and ranged clothes, and substitute others that were at least clean, in their place,—to bath his bloated face, and smooth his hair, and perform a thousand little offices for himself.

"Do you love me, father?" she at length acid, as she pressed her pure lips to his forehead.

for oin that he may only be at length askimmedf.

"Do you love me, father?" she at length askd, as she pressed her pure lips to his forchead.

"Love you, my child? Yes, yes, I do love
you. And yet have I not cursed you with a bitter curse?"

"Do not talk so, father. Only love me, and
promise to do what I want."

"What is it, Kaite? I will do it if I can."

"You can, father, if you will. I want you to
sign the pledge."

"The temperance pledge? No, no, Kaite.
It is too late for that. I could not keep it. I
have no structpth."

as is too late for that. I could not keep it. I have no strength."

"God can give us strength, father. Only try. Come with me to the house of a good gentleman that will give you the pledge to sign. La, I have his card. He gave it to me last night. Do go, dear father."

"No, my child, I will not make a promise that

"No, my child, I will not make a promise that I cannot keep. Do not try to persuade me. There is nothing left for me to hope for."

"O father, father, do not say this. We will all help you. We will work for you, we will pray for you. O father, will you not say yes, to poor Kanie?"

"I cannot, child, I cannot if I would, "he said, half relentingly, as she clung to him in her agony, "for I have no money, and there is a fee to be paid by those that sign the pledge. Two shillings, I think, and I have not two cents."

"But the kind gentleman will not ask it of you. Come, father, do come."

"No, no, Kitle, not without the money;" and glad of even this trilling pretext for a refusal, the father turned resolutely away and left the house.

the name to the house.

For a brief time Katie sat almost stupified in her despair, but the claims upon her attention demanded by the younger children, soon aroused her. Their mother had left home at an early hour to carry some work which she had just completed to a shop where she had for some time to the shadow and the

me. If mother will only spare it to me, if the gets paid for her work, I will try once more."

But Margares knew too well the utter hopethe case, to the willing to allow two shell will be case, to the willing to allow two shell will be case, to the will to pass into her bear will soon be dang and not a cent is saved toward it. It would be dang and not a cent is saved toward it. It would, Kaite still pondered upon the ways and means of attaining the desired end. At first the resolved to go herself to her kind adviser, and ask him to advance the needful two shellings, that her father might have no excuse for a refusal, but then she reflected, that if her father should question her as to where the money came from, she should be obliged to tell him the truth, and then he would probably refuse to do as she desired. Her next determination was to earn it. In what way she had little dides, but she would try, surely some one would give her work. But poor Kaite soon found that the value set upon her services was so small, that it would take days, and even weeks, to earn the required sum. A basket of chips and blocks which pextra exertinon she had collected over the supply necessary for their own fire was sool fare two cents, and one penny more was promised her by a poor neighbor who took in washing, if she would carry home a basket of clothes that were to be delivered at the distance of haif a mile. Cheerfully Kaite undertook the crand, but she had been far from well of late, and the beary load was to much for her strength. When the clothes were delivered, and she see out on her return she flist of shirt and weary that she was compelled to sit down to rest upon the steps of one of the handown buildings which lined the street through which she was passing.

"Only three cents yet, and I have worked so hard," she said to herrelf, as she gazed sorrow."

To another moment Kaite at in silent thought, and then, as if animated by some sadden resolutions, and then, as if animated by some sadden resolutions, which required her w

compress on a suop warers suc mar nor some time bast found employment.

As Kasic bussied herself in arranging their little dwelling with as much of neatness and order as extreme poverty would allow, there was still a lingering hope in her heart.

"If I hald but two shillings," she reprated to herself, "I might yet persuade him to go with the results of the state of t

grief and remorse in the intoxicating cup, absented himself for days and nights from the bedside of his dying child.

On the evening upon which our story commences, a crisis had taken place in Katie's disease, and she had lain for hours in what appeared to be a deep sleep. The physician, whom the representation of a poor but pirjug neighbor had iniduced to visit her, had shook his head as he looked at her and felt her pulse, and Margaret knew from his manner that there was no hope. And still her husband came not. Two days and nights had passed since she had seen him, and now she was a slone with her dying child, and with the little ones who were begging for bread which she had not to give them. The last penny had been expended—the last crust eaten. O, that the measenger of death would but take them all! But it might not be. Margaret felt that there were still duise to be personned. Her children must not starre before her eyes. Roused to action, she was about sending the eldest boy to a neighboring shanty to beg for some relief, when she suddenly remembered the piece of money which poor Katie still held classped in her hand. Throughout her sickness she had opposed any effort to take is from her, but now in her unconacious sleep, it might sarely be removed.

And yet it seemed to Margaret almost sacri-

but now in her unconscious sleep, it migns surery be removed.

And yet it seemed to Margaret aimost sacrilege to toneth, but food must be procured, and there were no other means. Gently she unclarged the fingers, and was about removing the glittering coin, when the child opened her eyes and gazed around her.

"Let me hold my money, mother. It is for poor father! Has he come home yet?"

Even as ahe spoke, Henry Waldron, as iff guided by an unseen power, entered his descided home. One glance showed his wife that he was not intoxicated, and silently she beckoned him to her side.

home. One glance showed his wife that he was not intoxicated, and silently the beckoned him to her side.

"I am so glad you have come, dear father," exclaimed Katie, fixing her eyes fondly upon his face. "See, I have the money for you. Will you go now to the good gentleman's? Where is the card 3"

A vain effort to rise showed the poor child her own weakness.
"O mother, I cannot move. And now I remember that I have been vary ill, and that you have been watching over me. I feel strangely now. Am I dying, mother ? O where is the good gentleman ? I wish I could see him. Will you not tell him to come?"

A tap at the door was followed by the entrance of the stranger. Faithful to his promise to Katie, be had sought them out, little anticipating, however, the scene which awaited him. Brighter and more animated grew the countenance of the tying child.
"I am so glad," she again murmured. "Here is the money, sir. Fasher would not come to sign the pledge until he could pay the fee; but now he will do it, I am sure. O, if I could only go with him; I should die so happy if I knew it was done."

"I have the pledge with me, my child, if your father wishes to sign it," replied the stranger with emotion, and he drew a paper from his pocker.
"Father, dear father, will you not do it. It

with emotion, and he drew a paper from his procket.
"Bather, dear father, will you not do it. It is Katie's last prayer."
That weet voice thrilled through the heart-stricken mah. He stretched his hand for the offered pen, and tremblingly affixed his name to the pledge of total abstinence.
A smile heavenly in its brightness played around her face. Her lips moved as I'fn thankfinkes and prayer, and little Katie's spirit passed to its heavenly home.

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#### A LONDON FOG.

The traveller who has never visited London about the month of December, cannot picture to litimself a genuine and complete fog in this city, or imagine the ribulations, the losses and the dangers to which the imprudent man exposes himself if he attempts to go out on such a day. Bat, before going out, the stranger suffers more than one anxiety; the notices in the house and in the street warn him that it is day, and he sees not day.

in the street warn him that it is day, and no seem of day.

He seizes his watch and listens; it goes; but unable to consult the hands, he strikes it.

"Nine o'clock!" exclaims he, in despair; "an I then blind "!

He rubs his eyes, runs to the window, casts towards the street a frightened glance, which falls upon thick darkness, and believes himself, indeed, deprived of the most precious of all the senses. He rings violently; a servant comes but at the moment of his entrance, the castle which he holds in his hand is extinguished.

"What does the gentleman want?" exclaims he, amid the darkness.

which he holds in his hand is extinguished.

"What does the gentleman want?" exclaims he, amid the darkness.

"A physician! a physician! an oculist!—the best oculist! Quick! quickly run! Here is a half guines for you."

And shivering with cold, the poor man throws tinself departingly into bed, waiting two hours for the physician, whom the fog arrests, likeeverybody clse, in his dabious journey. Inactine the sensitions of the supposed blind man during these two hours.

The physician arrives.

"Sir, awe my sight, and half of my fortune—"He does not flinkl, struck at once by a gleam of joy and of light. By the light of the lamp, borne by the servant, he sees the servant; the sees the servant; the sees the servant; the sees the servant; the sees the servant; it is except the physician does not admit this explanation; he has paid a visit; he taxes at two guiness the hallucination of the patient, explaination to has paid a visit; he taxes at two guiness the hallucination of the patient, explaining to him the cause, which is no other, he says, than the fog—the fog which, two or three times a year, makes London resemble the ancient kingdom of shadows.

"A fee "exclaims the stranger: "that, sir.

"A fee "exclaims the stranger: "that, sir.

ing to min the classe, which it wo or three times a year, makes London resemble the ancient kingdom of shadows.

"A fog |" exclaims the stranger; "but, sir, it is night, the darkest night. How long does this last?"

"One day, at least; often two; and sometimes more," replies the phlegmatic doctor.

"Ah I will leave this instant," says the stranger; "I will quit forever a country which the sun himself abandons."

"Ah, sir, stop !" says the Esculappias, with a stranger; "I will quit forever a country which the sun himself abandons."

"Ah, sir, stop !" says the Esculappias, with a pisting air; "a few moments of anxiety, and the visit of a physician, are your slender tributes to a London fog. Thank Heaven that you are let off so cheaply. If you had, by misfortune, left the hotel this morning, hear what would have happened to you:

left the hotel this morning, hear what would have happened to you:

"To walk at this time in the English capital, is absolutely to plunge yourself into a soup of yellow peas, ready to be placed over the fire; for the fog, in taking away your respiration, ofers you, in return, at once a kind of food and

drink.

"A poor nourishment for asthmatics! On one side of the street a fit of coughing, issuing from some aged breast, responds to a similar fit which resounds from the other side. So that if you cannot see the passengers, you have the satisfaction of hearing them scold about their atmospheric breakfast.

mospheric breakfast, did I say? The dinner, tea and supper are of the same sort. You cannot open your mouth without swallowing a threat-full of fog; and as all day—if one may call this a day—you are obliged to have lights, you consume, by the fog, a notable quantity of gas, oil, or tallow-smoke. These poor lights, themselves sub missive to the scourge, give but a dubious, reddish and gloony ray. They are, like yourself, cold, and illuminate only the least possible sware.

cold, and mummass only space.

"The entire city appears covered with a va-porous tent, beneath which one hears the con-fused noise of invisible beings. You think that all the smoke which, during twenty years, has escaped from the fifteen hundred thousand chim-neys of London, is falling at the same instant from the clouds, after having become corrupted thous.

from the clouds, after having become corrupted there.

"The odor which it sheds, not only makes you cough, but it seems as if all the colds in the world had given each other a rendezvous in your head, to lodge there. You breathe much like a whale, eaught between moving sands and the keel of a seventy-four; and three persons, conversing in a street, make a noise like the belows of a forge which has a rent in its side.
"So much for the lungs," said the doctor.
"To-morrow I shall have, with all my London brethren, some hundreds of invalids to attend. As for surgeons, they will not the less be needed to mend the broken limbs and heads of this cloudy day.

mend the broken limbs and heads of oudy day.

"You walk with the greatest caution, gre

"You walk with the greatest caution, groping your way along the walls, by the doors, the win-dows, everything you can seize, and at last fall into a cellar, on the shoulders of a shoemaker, who makes his dwelling there; fortunate if, at the moment of your fall, his sut is not pointed upward. You may fall again, head foremost, into the subtermanean shop of a coal-merchant, overturn the mistress of the place on her scales, and receive from the rude hand of her husband as salutation which will leave you as black as his merchandize.

merchandize.

"You fiee. Alast you run against the iron pot of a milkman, the overturned contents of which render still more slippery the parement which the fog has made so moddy. The irritated man seizes you by the collar; but, warmed by your misadventures, you give him a push which sends him into a basement kitchen, to break some dozens of plates, or the head of the cook.

"To escape the consequence of this catastro-he, you run at random, and directly before you, ntil the moment when an enormously fat gen-

theman stops you short. So violent is the shock that you roll into the gutter, and the large man into a shop, the door of which his weight has broken open. A new flight to avoid a new affer; and you thank Heaven, maddy as you are, that you did not fall three paces farther on, where an immense drain opens its gaping mouth, which would have engulfed you, its tenth or weight victim aince morning.

"But as you rave you reyes to heaven—which you do not see—you set one foot in a pile of quicklime, and the heat you fed in this foot warns you not to put the other in it. You are read to the property of the contrained of the word of quicklime, and the heat you fed in this foot warns you not to put the other in it. You thar round a certain corner, which seems to you the entrance of a yard, where you can clean quantity in the property of the prop

happen to you.

"I do not speak of the shocks, Jars and pashes which you receive from errand boys earrying bardens, merchants of cresses, oranges and matches —all this is nothing compared with the rest. Jostling, Jostfed, overturning, overturned, you confess that the chances are equal for you or against you; unless sometimes the passengers insinates their umbrellas into your month, and, having forgotten your own, you cannot retaliate; unless, mistaking a dimily-lighted shop for a street corner, you thrust your head through a shattered pane. Nothing then remains but to withdraw it (your head) as gently as possible, and go on your way as if nothing had happened. You are sure that the shopkeeper will seize by the collar the first passenger who comes after you, to charge him for the damaged pane. The passenger pars, though innocent, for, like yourself, he might have broken this window.

"It is useless to mention two or three dozen dogs running about in search of their masters, and who have overturned you in your race. As for your watch, you had not gone fifty paces from your pecket, in the hands of a pickspecter as strong as Robert Houdin. After twenty questions to the passenger packet, in the hands of a pickspecter as strong as Robert Houdin. After twenty questions to the passenger, who reply to you by twenty others, exhausted with fatigue and cold, you preceive a tavern and enter it. But you know no more than an inhabitant of the moon in what part of London you are.

"Installed in a gloomy and damp parlor, a disorder of the fog. You ask if one of those hooks, used to suspend hats, could not suspend the room, astonished at not seeing there thirty unfortunates hung in despair in such a day. In order to scape these lugathous dieds to enter am omnibus, if there is a driver bold enough to venture into the street in such weather.

"You wait for one are the door, summoning, instead of an omnibus, a dozen context. The desired whelice arrives at last at a smail's pace; you jump in and crouch in one corner, unseen by your

drivers, he of the eah, wishing to the omnibus horses a disease like that of his own horse. At these words you shudder at the embrace you have just received, and for a week believe yourself a prey to the equine malady.

"Whither is the omnibus going! Little do you care; to be sheltered is all you desire. But great is your anger when the omnibus, after a journey of ten minutes, stops, arrived at the terminas of its route. It took you up at Bridge court, and leaves you at Cross Keys, which is three miles from your lodgings! Here are wheely epone thrown away, and new dangers to be encountered. You have, nevertheless, some little pleasures. There, you see an old lady put her foot into a basket of eggs; here, a young lord stambles into the shop of a librarian, in the middle of a row of richly bound books.

"On such a day a man who is milking his cow at his door, is obliged to hold her by the tail with one hand, for fear of losing sight of her; and the butcher, who is carrying roasting pleces of beef to his customers, finds three or four missing from his basket, which shridges his calls, and also the dinner of three or four clients. But the said roasting-pieces are found as a down do not the tables of skilful marauders from the saket, which shridges his calls, and also the dinner of three or four clients. But the said roasting-pieces are found safe under the dishonest poor.

"If the fog happens on the day of the cattle-market at Smithfield, the traps of the good people in the neighborhood are all open, and more than one stray sheep falls into them. On a fog-

gy day the laws of optics are reversed. Through a sort of mirage, objects assume gigantic proprotions; a dog has the appearance of an elephant, a gas-pillar that of a pyramid; house acquire strange perspectives, the length of streets becomes a mystery, and their names, hieroglyphics lost in the night of time.

"For a genaine Londoner, the thickest December fog is an ordinary thing; he lights up his shop at eight o'clock in the morning, without more ceremony than at eight in the evening. But to the traveller, the stranger, it seems something horrible—this capital enveloped in an obscurity, which is neither day nor night, and against which thousands of gas-lights centend in vain. The multitude of torches, borne and waved by the passengers, add to this fantastic and proligious scene. These smoky and some gleans, reflected on the faces of the inhabitants, present the image of an infernal city, where everything burns without consuming.

"On the Thames, where the fog is most dense, the accidents are most namerous; heast run into each other, or are erunded in passing through the arches. From the top of a bridge, you cannot each other, or are erunded in passing through the sarches. From the top of a bridge, you cannot be the beautiful the same than the passing through the sarches. From the top of a bridge, you cannot be the beautiful the pilot, who holds the belink, being unable to distinguish even the brow of his boat."

After these confidences of the doctor, the traveller has nothing better to do than to return to bed, until the sun shall have dispelled the fog.

fler has nothing better to do than to return ed, until the sun shall have dispelled the fog.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### RANDOM SHOTS.

BY THE OLD 'UN

"How are you now, Bill 1" saked Jack Ramsdell, a hair-brained young man about town, as he burst into the bachelor lodgings of his friend Manners, in all the glory of a bob-tailed bottle-green coat, a neckeloth with any quantity of running-horses stamped upon its folds, and a pair of pantaloon as little tighter than his skin whereon prodigious sunflowers embellished his sturyl seg with a luxuriant vegetation.

"Blue—Jack—blue," replied the bachelor. "Or, rather, in a green and yellow melancholy," "The cause, the cause, my dear fellow!" exclaimed Jack. "I ma maxious to know how a man with fifteen hundred a year can have the blues."

"Because I haven't five thousand a year," re-

Because I haven't five thousand a year," re

plied Manners.

"What, are you infected with the mammon worship? you, the intellectual, the philosopher?" exclaimed Jack.

"No, but the lack of three thousand five hun-

ired, in addition to my modest income, deprives no of the hand of Kate Carson." What, is she too a worshipper of Mammon? O woman, woman!"

woman, woman!"
"Hold, Jack, profane not a divinity. She is

"So they all are," answered Jack.

"Angels were painted fair to look like you, There's all in you that we believe of heaven,' etc.

But if the girl is content, why in heaven's name don's you marry her and be happy ?""

"The parents, Jack! the parents!"

"Ay, ay, the old story—'father's have flinty hears!"

hearts."
"Fathers and mothers, Jack. Both are dead sot against me, because I can't live in Beacon street, have a villa in the country and set up a carriage."
"Lord! Lord!" cried Jack. "And to think that Old Tim Carson used to keep a grog shop in Commercial Street, and Betsy Jinkins tended in a sailor boarding-house in Ann Street. Talk shout the tried of aristernare-t its nothing to

about the pride of aristocracy—it is nothing to the pride of parvenues. I wish I could serv

"You cannot—the case is desperate," replied Manners.
"You cannot—the case is desperate," replied Manners.
"Bill," said Jack, tenderly, "you are the best friend I ever had. Many and many is the scrape you've got me out of. You have lent me mosey time and again. I promised to pay you and I never did."
"I never expected you would, Jack," said Manners, grasping his hand.
"Thank you, thank you, you did me no more than justice," replied his friend, returning the pressure. "But now—my friend in trouble-nessure. "But now—my friend in trouble-nessure. "But now—my friend in trouble-nessure. "Out hand signi! I shall have no peace till my project is attempted. Let me go! there's no such word as fail! The girl shall be yours."

"A Dunen of horse hair and a file of my tail's bills—unpaid, of course."

"Explain yourself," cried Manners, seizing

him by the arm.
"Let me go!" cried Jack, shaking himself

" 'Unband me, sir, By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that let's me.'

Farowell, my friend. If I fail, 'ask of me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man,' as Mcreutio says."

And with these words Jack vanished as riot-ously as he had entered.

ousty as he had entered.

Mr. Timothy Carson lived in great style.
Mr. John Ramsdell rang furiously at the rosewood door. A servant, much more of a gentleman than his master, admitted him to a room
which was called Mr. Carson's study, because Mr.
Carson never studied there. Mr. Ramsdell
handed his card, and Mr. Carson bowed and
begged him to be seated and unfold his business.
"Are weasferfrom eaves-droppers here?" asked
Jack, anxiously."
'Perfectly."

Jack, anxiously.

"Perfectly."

"Then, sir," said Jack, "I will explain myself. "Mr. Caron, you were not always rich."

"You remind me of a circumstance I am proad of," said the parvenu. "Because I'm a self-made man. Yes sir, I was noce as poor as Job's cat, and now I can draw a check for more money than any man on 'Change."

"I don't know anything about his private

history," thought Jack. "But I'll fire a ran dom shot at him—perhaps it will wing him Mr. Carson," he said, aloud—"you know a well as I know, that Mrs. Carson was not you

His host started and changed color.
"How did you know?" he exclair

abling voice. Hit him, by Jupiter," thought Jack, exult-

ingly.

Pulling forth a lock of horse hair from his breast-pocket, he exclaimed:

"'See you this little tress of hair?
I will not tell you when 'twas shred,
Nor from what hapless victim's head.""

"Poor Julia," said Carson, covering his face with his hands. This was hint enough for Jack, and upon this

hint he spake.

"Ay, poor Julia, poor cousin Julia !" said he, as he replaced the tuft of horsehair.

But let concealment, like the worm i' the bud, Prey on her damask cheek.'

You promised to marry her, when fortune smil ed upon you. You grew rich and you abandon ed her. She pined and died.

ed her. She pined and died.

""At lovers' perturies, they my Jove laught."

Not so do relatives and friends. The big brother horsewhips, the cousin exposes. Harkee, Mr. Caron, would you have your peridy bruited to the world! Would you have your name a hissing, and a shame, and a steech in the nostrils of our citizens ?"

"Not for worlds!" excelaimed the shuddering wretch. "Be silent, and name your price."

"My price!" sneered Jack, rubbing his hands. ""Ha, ha, he thinks me as base as himself—and that mits may be bought and sold like cattle in the market. My price! Mr. Caron, you are wealthy, and I am poor—but let me tell you that poor as I am, and rich as you are, you have not

west may be congut and sold take cattle in the market. My price! Mr. Carson, you are wealthy, and I am poor—but let me tell you that poor as I am, and rich a syou are, you have not gold enough to buy my silence."

"Be mercifal," implored Carson. "Think of my wife—think of my daughter."

"I t is of your daughter, I am thinking. She loves and is loved by a friend of mine—a blameless, honorable man. Give your consent to the marriage, and I am silent forever."

"I will do so," aid Carson. "I give my consent—but that of my wife can mover be secured, and between ourselves, Mrs. Carson is a very self-willed woman, and in short—"

"The gray mare's the better horse,'I see. Well, I think I can manage to secure her consent. But play me false, and you will rue it," said Jack.

'For though I am not spienetic nor rash, Yet have I in me something dangerous, Which let your reason fear.'''

While it by our reason fast."

From the study of the gentleman, Jack passed to the bouldoir of the lady. It was sunsputously fermished. Mrs. Carson was attred in an elegant morning dress—she was a baxon woman, and her affectedly languid air ill-autical her lorid complexion and embopoint.

Jack sounded her as cautiously as he had done her husband. By hazarding a bold assertion or two, he ascertained enough to be sure that she had had an early attachment, and had jilted his first love, just as her hasband had jilted his first love, and moreover that she was quite anxious to keep the story dark.

ore, plut so ther missaud may line an into to keep the story dark.

Thereupon he flourished before her amazed eyes a file of tailour's bills, remarking cooily:

"These letters would look findly in print, madam."

"Goodness!" cried the lady. "Are those letters in existence! Tom Garnet was drowned, and I thought them plaguy letters—I mean those letters, were at the bottom of the sea."

"Tom Garnet," and Jack, catching at the name, "my dear, dear friend Tom, was drowned, madam, leaving a confession that your cruelty drove him to sea. But he died 'hopefully pious,' and his 'chist' came ashore. These letters contain professions of your burning love—all except he last where you dismiss him for his porcept he last where you dismiss him for his porcept he last where you dismiss him for his porcept he last where you dismiss him for his porce. tain professions of your barning love—all ex-cept the last where you dismiss him for his pov-erty. The style is ferrent, and will be much admired, though the orthography is incorrect, as you had little opportunity of acquiring correct spelling in your streat rambles."
"Give me those-watters, sir," said the lady, snatching at them. "They are nothing to you."

Pardon me," said Jack, restoring them to his pocket, and buttoning them up carefully. "I cannot comply with your request."

"Sir, if you are a gentleman, you will surrender those letters," cried the lady, passion-

stely.

"Madam, because I am a gentleman, I will publish them, to avenge my poor, poor friend.

Mrs. Carson, to right wrongs is my Quixotic occupation."

cupation."

"And will nothing induce you to spare me?"
bbed the lady.

"O yes, madam. I am willing to trade with

"Name your terms. I grant them in advance

however."

"Your consent to my friend Manners's mar-riage with your daughter."

"If you can obtain my husband's—"
"I have it already."

"Then I consent."

"And I destroy the letters as soon as they are man and wife."

"I give you joy, Bill," cried Jack, bursting into his friend's apartment. "I've gone and done it. Two random shots fired right and left, did the business. Hurrah for horsehair and tailors' bills! There's a skeleton in every house, they say—the Carsons keep two, and I rattled the dry bones to some purpose, I tell you. You are a lucky dog, and now, if you please, you may just destroy my notes of hand, and call it square."

"My dear Jack!" cried Bill, squeezing his hand, "I'm all amazement, and can hardly credit what you tell me."

"Come along then to Carsons—I'm No. 1 there, and you'll see I haven't lied."

That day week Bill Manners was made the happiest of mortals, and Jack figured as a bridesman in a blue coat and gill buttons.

#### Jester's Dienic.

When Nicholes Biddle, familiarly called Nick Biddle, was connected with the United States and Legal a

An honest Jonathan, on his visit to the me-tropolis, was awakened one night by the cry of "Cyst, buy an cyster," in the mellithous tones of "Cyst, buy an cyster," in the mellithous tones passing under the windows of his hose. A was so near his ears startled him, and he roused his room-mate to inquire what it meant. "They are only oysters," replied his fellow lodger, pet-tally. "Oysters" exclaimed Jonathan in as-toniaments, "and do cysters holter as loud as that ""."

Young Man.—"I called to see about the clerkship you adversised as vacant."
Old Get.—"Hem! Have you a gold watch,
a chain, a fast horse, a diamond ring, six suits
of clottes, a bull dog, a thousand cigars, a cask
of brandy, and an assortment of canes?"
Young Man.—"Yes, sir, got ye'm all."
Old Get.—"Then you'll sait. My other clerk
franished himself with all those things out of the
till; so as you're supplied I'll save the expense."

Mr. Sheridan, when on a visit to Mr. Fox, at his villa, happened to be looking at a stable which was in the course of being built, and jast at the time, a carpenter, engaged in erecting the frame of the root, accidentally missed his food ing, and (more frightened than burt) came to the ground, breaking in his fall two of the rufters be-low. "Very well indeed," said Sheridan, 'I like to see a man go cleverly through his work."

Among the bits of gossip now floating in Paris (says a private later), is one relating to a to there are not seen, is one relating to the opera, a tender epistle upon the back of a bank note. Mile, smiled, and sent a verbal raply, wish the apology that she was entirely out of note paper, and would be thankful to M. l'American to send her a quire or two of his.

We saw in one of our daily journals once, the following advertisement: "To Capitaliss—Wanted, \$500 to go on a spree. References exchanged." We dare say the wag who wrote it also penned the following on the back of a bask note: "This is the last of five thousand left by my dear departed grandmother, one year and a half ago. I wish it had been ten!"

A New York paper speaks of the play of "Ingonar" as a preposterous farrage of duliness and sentimentalism, in which an obstreperson and buffalo-hided barbarian is transformed by the fascination of a rose-pink young lady, fresh from the bondoir, with remarkable rapidity, into a sighing and soft-worded Grecian exquisite.

When a devout Mussalman found himself in the midst of a terrible tempest at sea, he recol-lected that he had violated Mohamedan law by indulging in swine's flesh on a particular occa-ion. Having made a due confession, and prayed for a cessation of the storm, in vain, he pettish!' exclaimed, "what a fuss about a little pork."

Sheridan one day met two fops, who thus flip-pantly addressed him; "I say, Sherry, we have just been discussing whether you are the greatest fool or rogue, what is your opinion, my boy!" Sheridan, having bowed at the compliment, took each by the arm, and instantly replied, "Why, faith, I believe I am between them book."

The editor of the Kenoha (Wis.) Telegraph says: "Last year we had a tree which bore on apple. This year the crop of the tree is dou-bled." We think the nature of the tree must fresh that the tree must be a superior of the tree to the control of the tree to the tree to the ing one year an apple and the next year a pair.

A gentleman residing in the neighborhood of Cork, on walking one Sunday evening, met a young peasant girl, whose parents lived near as house. "What are you doing, Jenny ?" said he. "Looking for a son-in-law for my mother, sir," was the smart reply.

"It was not hissed."
"True," says another, "I grant you that ut no one can hiss and gape at the same time."

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